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MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN SHIPP,

&c. &c.

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VOL III

CHAPTER I.

During our long stay at Bersiah, we frequently went out on parties of pleasure; and, as I had at this place nothing to do in my official situation, I generally accompanied these little excursions. About Bersiah the country was more fertile and beautiful than any part we had passed through, and we had excellent shooting, from the royal tiger to the royal snipe, without going a mile from camp. Thus we passed our time, living pleasantly enough. At length we found that the Pindarees had ascended another range of ghauts, and concentrated their forces at a place called Beechy Taull. Towards

this place we bent our course, the extent of our daily marches being entirely regulated by the information brought in by our spies. Our wild enemy were, for a time, stationary; our marches were more regular; and they actually permitted us to approach them, without moving their quarters, taking care, however, to keep a wide and deep river between them and us, and an almost inaccessible ghaut, from whence they could see such a distance round, that our approach could be observed ten or fifteen miles off. When we were within forty miles of this place, we made a forced march in the morning, some twenty-two miles, through a thick woody country. Having completed this distance, we halted for our cattle and followers; but we started again when the moon rose, intending to surprise them by the following morning's dawn. Our road, however, lay through a dense thick wood, with a deep ditch or ravine every hundred paces, which we had so much difficulty in getting our guns over, that, when the morning dawned, we had not proceeded more than one-half of the distance, though we were in sight of

the ghaut, which was about eight miles a-head. In an hour and a half after this, we reached and crossed the river Seena, about two miles from the top of the ghaut.

Our spies, who had just left the camp of the enemy, informed us, that they were not encamped on the top of the ghaut, there being no water there, but that they were lying near a large lake of water, about two miles from the ghaut, apparently unconscious of our approach. The general immediately despatched the 4th Regiment of Native Cavalry, under Brigadier-General Newberry, who commanded the whole of the cavalry with this division, also Cunningham's corps of Local Horse, under the command of Lieutenant W. W. Turner, with two six-pounders, called gallopers, as they would proceed as fast as the regiment could charge. I asked the general's permission to go, and I obtained his consent to act on the staff with Brigadier-General Newberry. The ghaut was high and difficult, being nothing more than a mass of loose stones, by which many of the poor horses broke their knees in getting up. As soon as we were up, we formed

an extended line, and moved on slowly, as our horses had then been ten hours saddled, and without food. At the camp described we found a large body drawn up, and we gave them several long shots, and brought some of their spirited steeds and men a pitch lower. We then went off at a good smart gallop: but our long-jaded and hungry horses had but little chance. We soon emerged from the thick wood which surrounded their enormous encampment, and came up with some of them, and cut them up. About a mile to our left, and in our front, we could see tremendous volumes of dust; and about a mile further on, we began to fall in with the enemy in considerable numbers. Some of them fought well and bravely; indeed, the greatest coward, when his life is at stake, will fight desperately, and this was the case with these marauders; but their struggle was ineffectual. We could see women riding across the country at speed, with one child on their backs, and one before them. Their horses flew along the plain with extraordinary rapidity.

Having gone about four or five miles, some few

of the Pindarees formed, and seemed inclined to come to the scratch; but, before we could reach them, their hearts failed them, and they rode off, passing upon the gentlemen with the white faces some unpleasant epithets, which decency forbids me to mention. The declining sun had already dipped his golden beams in the distant lake, and bid us speed while yet he tarried. We had some hours of day remaining, and by the close of the evening we cut up numbers of them. At this time Lieutenant Turner's corps of Local Horse had separated themselves from the 4th Cavalry; and, before it was dark, the Brigadier wished them to rejoin him, for the whole of the enemy's baggage was in sight. I was despatched for the purpose of delivering the general's communications and wishes. When about half way on my road on this duty, I found that a number of straggling Pindarees were prowling about, some of them wounded; and in riding over the ground again, it was evident to me that we had not been idle. Lieutenant Turner and his corps of Local Horse had also done the state good service. I was riding at speed to deli-

ver my orders, when, from behind a large tree, a Pindaree had the impudence to discharge his matchlock in my very teeth, but the ball missed me. I had before this bent my faithful friend, the 24th Dragoon sabre, nearly double, by striking at the thick cotton-stuffed coats of the Pindarees; but, in the course of the battle, I had seized a large spear of one of the enemy, of which weapon I well knew the use, having been taught by one of the first spearsmen in the country,—the zemindar of the elephants during the sieges of Bhurtpore and other places. In the moment of forgetfulness and irritation I threw away my sabre, and was resolved to chastise the Pin for firing at me, in his own way; so I ran at him with the spear laid across the first joint of my left arm, with the butt under my right arm. For a time he parried it, but at last I ran it into his neck, and I rode round him something like a brickmaker's horse going round, and twisted him completely off his horse. He soon fell, and, as I could see some of his comrades coming towards me, I rode off. I then began to regret having parted with my old friend, the twenty-fou

which had so often stood my friend in the hour of peril; but this is man's ingratitude for services rendered.

I was some time before I could find Lieutenant Turner, the whole of whose troops were engaged when I came up. When I had communicated the brigadier-general's orders, they were reluctantly but promptly obeyed, and we soon joined the 4th Cavalry, agreeably to the general's desire.

Having come up with the enemy's baggage, the night beginning to close in, and our poor steeds being completely done up, we called a halt, to refresh ourselves, and more especially our poor goaded horses, who were so completely exhausted that we could not have proceeded another mile. The baggage of the enemy consisted of horses, ponies, bullocks, cows, goats, sheep, women, old men, and children, with their little all; and that all was nothing more than their wearing-apparel, cooking-things, &c. These people were only followers. None of their families were here, except about a hundred of their wives, mounted on ponies. Round these poor frightened creatures our gallant briga-

dier, more for their protection from the villagers than for his own gain or security, placed a considerable guard. I was immediately despatched, with four horsemen, back to the main division of the army, who had encamped on the top of the ghaut, to communicate the purport of our little skirmishes. It was no very pleasant thing to ride over a field of battle, groping my way through the dark with only four men; but, as there was no remedy, it was as well to do it cheerfully. I found the division had taken up the enemy's position above the ghauts, where I arrived in safety, but completely exhausted, as was also my thorough-bred mare. From the time I mounted on the preceding night, it was twenty-four hours, in which time I could not have gone less than eighty miles. From the violent perspiration I was in, and the dust and powder with which I was covered, when General Marshall saw me, he burst into a loud fit of laughter. No poor dustman or sweep in London could have cut a more ridiculous figure, which may account for the impudence of the man who fired at me from behind the tree, who certainly must have taken me

for some menial servant who had stolen his master's clothes.

Having communicated my orders, my next object was the care of my faithful horse. She looked the picture of woe, with her head almost down to the ground, and she had lost one of her shoes. I had a groom who prided himself on being a bit of a horse-doctor. My mare was a great favourite with him, and he begged, as a most particular favour, that I would leave the care of her entirely to him. Knowing his skill, I consented, when, to my astonishment, he told my bearer to bring him some warm water and half a bottle of brandy, with a little bran. He mixed the whole together, milk warm, and gave it to the animal, who drank every drop and neighed for more. This dose threw the mare into a violent perspiration, and the groom then set to, with three other men, and rubbed her well down with straw. She had not drank the warm mash long before she lay down on some clean straw, which had been prepared for her. The groom then commenced thumping her with his clenched fists all over, and shampooing her, which she submitted to

with apparent pleasure. He then had her shoes removed and her feet pared, and washed in warm water and whisped dry. After this he made her get up and rubbed her well over with his hands, and in one hour she looked as well as ever. He then gave her another mash and clothed her for the night, and she slept well. On the following morning she was quite fresh. Having other horses, I gave her a rest; but she was so frisky that I was obliged to mount her before half the march was over.

The main body of the army was not able to reach the cavalry the next day, the distance was so great; nor did they till a late hour on the following day, when the property taken, such as cattle, &c., were sold in the bazaar. On the succeeding day we moved on, but learned that the hunted parties of the Pindarees had fallen into the hands of General Duncan's divisions, with another portion of their baggage. Thus they were handed from division to division. Such was the judicious plan of the Most Noble the Marquis of Hastings, that, whichever way these marauders turned, they were sure to fall into

the hands of their enemies. Thus harassed, they dispersed, in tens and twenties, all over the country, when the country people took courage and made head against them, and attacked them wherever they could find them; so that, at last, they sought refuge in any little fort that would give them admittance.

Things being in this state, we were directed to proceed against the Fort of Dhamoony, a fort belonging to the Nagpore Rājah, who had violated his treaty with the Company. The Keeledar of this fort would not submit to the proposals of the Company, but had received instructions from his refractory master to fight the English while he had a man left. Before we reached the fort, we understood that many of the Pindarees had accepted of the offers of the government; numbers had been cut up, and others had flown to their homes, many of them in our provinces. Nothing but small parties could be heard of, and these sought refuge in the woods by day, and travelled towards their homes under cover of the night. Passing over numberless little skirmishes, marches, and counter-marches, that would

be tedious to detail, I shall leave the other divisions of the army to pursue the Pindarees, and proceed to relate the operations of that division with which my personal services stand connected; previous to which, however, a brief sketch of the character and mode of life of a Pindaree may not be unacceptable.

This predatory wanderer of the East, from the moment of his birth, is nursed in the lap of depravity, and is nurtured and fondled in a bosom inured to cruelties and barbarities that would disgrace the wild savage of the interior of benighted Africa. His sire, perhaps, a short moment ere his birth, has imbrued his hands in the blood of innocence, or buried his spear in the bosom of some infant virgin who would not passively submit to his sensual embraces; and, peradventure, bears in his hand some gold or silver ornament torn from her before unpolluted bosom, with which he decks the body of his new-born babe. Should the little urchin be permitted to live, he is schooled in the camp of heartless assassins, mounted on horseback, and well instructed in the system of plunder. Scarcely can the

boy lisp his parent's name, ere he is bedizened with his father's spoils. It often happens, however, that these children are not permitted to trouble their parents long, especially should they prove sickly or cross, in which case the father makes little scruple of despatching them outright. Indeed, by less cruel parents, these poor babes are thought but incumbrances to a flying and marauding force, whose motto is rapine, where the arm of resistance dare be put forth. When the boy attains five or six years of age, he bears the blood-stained weapons of his calling, and is schooled in all the intricacy and minutiæ of their predatory line of life. At the age of from ten to fourteen, he will be found a proficient in all the cruelties that are considered requisite qualities for his profession; and, perhaps, ere he has completed his sixteenth year, rapine and murder mark his youthful career, and he wanders through vast tracts of country unmolested and uncontrolled. The greatest blessing ever bestowed on this great nation was the annihilation of those immense hordes of Pindarees, in the years 1817-18, under the auspices of the Marquis of Hastings. They generally form

themselves into small bodies, some six or seven hundred in number, putting themselves under the direction of the most daring and despotic of their sect, but one who is generally well acquainted with the localities of the country where plunder is to be had. The court paid to this fiend is disgusting beyond description. He is a little king reigning on the throne of cruelty and bloodshed. These people take up their quarters in towns, and in their vicinity, committing every kind of imposition on the poor unprotected inhabitants, against whom, should they prove refractory, in refusing them even the carrying off of their daughters or wives, the most coercive measures are unhesitatingly resorted to. On these occasions, murder is no uncommon event. From the unrepressed excesses of these marauders previous to the Pindaree war, their annual visitations were looked for and expected as a matter of course, but were esteemed by the poor plundered sufferers as a kind of pestilential visitation, which they had no power to avert, though, no doubt, they one and all had the inclination. They never remained long at a place; but, during their short so-

journ, they would commit acts that disgrace the name of man, and would deservedly attach to them the designation of brutes and monsters. They are generally well mounted, and equipped in all the tawdry habiliments of the East. They are most debauched and profligate characters, and some of them have four and five women each as followers of their fortunes. These women are excellent horse-women, and can handle the matchlock or sabre with the best of them. They drink, riot, and smoke, the whole night, and bask in the sun during the day. Their weapons generally consist of a long seventeen-feet spear, a matchlock, sabre, and pistols. Their horses, also, are well trained and manageable; but, from a formidable foe, they will run like cowards, and hide themselves till the danger is over. Should they be surprised by any British force, they will run, and on the road plunder one another, which sometimes is attended with bloodshed. These people seldom marry, but live together as long as they like one another, and no longer. From the debauched habits of both sexes, they are not long-lived. They make use of opium in

large quantities. It is generally used by them as a stimulus to rouse their languid spirits to a state of hilarity. I have seen some of the women in a most piteous state, from having taken this drug too freely; so stupified that they could not articulate a word.

These were the people that the government of India wisely annihilated, in the years 1817 and 1818. "In the destruction," says Sir John Malcolm, "of this predatory system, which was converting the finest provinces into a wilderness, the British government has performed a splendid act of justice, policy, and humanity, which fairly entitles it to be regarded as a conservative and beneficent power, whose supremacy has been the deliverance of the people. That system was the baleful dregs of the exhausted military establishment of the Mohammedan dynasties; and it succeeded to the wars of Aurungzebe, like pestilence after famine, rioting in the exhaustion of the country."

After a long and tedious march, we reached the fort of Dhamoony. The rightful and proper owner of this extraordinary fort was the Rajah of Nagpore. He

had but a short period before been placed on the throne (so termed by the Indians), that is, in possession of his inheritance, and acknowledged by the British Government as the rightful possessor, and their ally, and protected and guarded in quiet dominion, when he suddenly entered into a league with the Peishwah of Poonah, to destroy the English, in violation of good faith, and to the disregard of a most solemn treaty. When the Company were guarding and protecting this treacherous Rajah on his musned, he was harbouring in his bosom a plot of the most base ingratitude. Such had been the secrecy with which he carried on his intrigues with the Peishwah, that a little band of British troops was completely surrounded by fifty or sixty thousand horse, before the Company were aware of his diabolical treachery. Our troops, in this desperate situation, consisted of one regiment of Native Infantry, and a few troops of the 5th Regiment of Bengal Native Cavalry, in all not seven hundred men, with, I believe, two six-pounders, against fifty or sixty thousand! What was to be done? To stand and be shot at would have been the height of

folly and madness; nor could they, under such heavy fire and force, hope to reach any other place of safety. Captain Fitzgerald, commanding, or second in command of the 6th Cavalry, proposed charging the enemy, and selling their lives as dearly as possible, declaring that, if he could gain a small eminence on which they had a few guns, he should not despair of keeping them off and saving their lives. In this proposal he was seconded by Mr. Jenkins, the British Resident at the court of Nagpore. The brave soldiers one and all consented, and, sword in hand, on they galloped, and actually cut their way through that immense mass of horsemen; in time gained the hill; took their guns, and turned them upon the enemy; and there maintained their post till reinforcements arrived. This piece of gallantry saved the lives of all the party, and places on the brows of that brave corps laurels that never can fade,—honours of which the iron hand of time cannot rob them. I have frequently met the officer who commanded on this occasion (Captain Fitzgerald), in company, and it is difficult to offend him

more than by mentioning this Nagpore affair, or attaching to him any peculiar praise or merit. I once heard him say, very angrily,—" D—n the place, I wish I had never seen it; it's more plague to me, and oftener sounded in my ears, than if I had turned coward and run away. If I am to be pestered thus for having merely done my duty, the devil may fight next time, for I won't." It is true that a soldier cannot do more than his duty; every effort that he can make is due to his country, and every nerve should be exerted to promote its glory. From my own career, I am convinced that, where the danger is most imminent, the soul rises in proportion in energy and courage to meet it. I have invariably found it so myself, and I dare say that my feelings on these occasions are similar to those of most other soldiers.

The Fort of Dhamoony is built of stone, and is situated in a most extraordinary place, and, as the people relate, was built on account of the following remarkable circumstance. Some Rajah was hunting in its vicinity, when a hare got up and afforded excellent sport for a considerable time, and ulti-

mately attacked and killed one of the Rajah's blood-hounds. This singular circumstance induced him to erect the present Fort of Dhamoony. It literally stands in a hole, surrounded by a wild and inaccessible jungle, and two of its sides resting on the steep banks, or rocky heads, of a tremendous ditch or ravine, in some places a hundred feet deep. Upon this stands the wall, some thirty or forty feet high; and to view one of the bastions from this excavation is really terrific. On the front and other side, there is scarcely any ditch; but the entrance is through five gateways, each of these commanded by small guns, and having small loopholes for match-locks.

The occupants of this fort actually fired at our advance when nearly three miles off; I suppose to let us know that they were resolved to fight. We encamped about two miles from the small ridge of hills on which we afterwards erected our breaching-battery. In three days every thing was ready, when the usual offer was made to them, as we did not wish wantonly to spill human blood. They spurned the proffered mercy; so, to show them that we were in

earnest, we commenced by giving them a salvo from our twenty-four pounders, accompanied with three cheers. They manfully returned both; and, from the show of heads upon the wall, we imagined we should have a tough job, and began to think the Rajah's boast, that his fort was impregnable, not unfounded, for our shots rebounded some hundred feet, at which the garrison laughed and cheered most heartily. They little imagined what was in preparation for them, and was soon to follow. In about an hour, we effectually disturbed their merriment; and their turbans were seen flying in all directions from our little whistling shrapnells. In five minutes not a soul could be seen, but the screaming of women and children was dreadful. The first day our balls seemed to have made little or no impression upon the wall; but, on the following day, some large stones in the centre of the bastion seemed tired of being battered, and began to shake, and in the course of the morning two of them tumbled out, when an Irish sergeant of the Company's Bengal Foot Artillery exclaimed to a corporal, "Corporal Hogan! come here, joy;

sure, we have knocked two of her teeth out at last, and we'll soon bother her wig for her." The corporal replied, "Ay, Paddy, that bastion comes down like sin." "How is that, Hogan?" asked the sergeant. "By degrees, to be sure," replied the corporal; "for, when that once begins to come, faith! it tumbles on one by the hundreds." Some of the enemy having heard the noise of the stones falling, a few of them peeped their noses out to see what was the matter, and soon retired again, impressed with a conviction that the prophecies of the superstitious builder, as well as his boasted fort, would soon be without a foundation. These fears were rational enough, for the bastion began to give way in all directions. About one o'clock we expected our grand shelling-battery to open, which must certainly have completed the demolition of the fort, for our shells were of enormous calibre. About this time we generally broke off firing, for the purpose of the men getting their dinners; and this was the only time that the inmates of the fort dared to show their noses. Many were now gazing on the falling and dilapidated tower.

Its top had given warning of its being tired of the contest, having found out that iron was harder than stone. I thought I should like to take a nearer peep; so I asked Captain Cruikshank if he would accompany me to take a nearer view of the fort, that we might know what kind of ground we had to go over. I would advise all young soldiers to ascertain this grand point, whenever they can do so without risk of discovery or personal danger, that, when storming on dark nights, they may know where to run, and where to walk. I need not say that Captain Cruikshank, who was a most gallant officer, readily assented to my proposal. We crept down within a hundred yards of the bastion, and were so close, that we were observed peeping by those upon the wall. One of them said, "Come on; do not be afraid; we will not fire on you." This was repeated by several others, who stood on the walls. We asked them what they wanted by inviting us to go nearer; and they told us that, if we would cease firing, they would give up the fort. We replied that, if they were really inclined to do so, we would come nearer, and listen to their proposals and

wishes. They swore most positively it was the wish of the Keeledar and garrison. For myself, I scarcely thought that their oaths were to be trusted; but Captain Cruikshank said, if I would go, he would, so I had no alternative left, as, of course, after such an invitation, I could not say no. We accordingly approached close to the bastion, and they faithfully promised to surrender the fort, if we would cease firing. As we now felt assured that they were in earnest, their wishes were promptly communicated to the commander; and Brigadier-General Watson came down to where we had been standing, when it was settled, that all the occupants of the fort should be permitted to march out, with their families and private propety, but that they should lay down their arms. This they readily assented to, and, as a pledge of their good faith, they undertook to send out the Keeledar immediately. Our occupying-party was in readiness in the trenches. We, therefore, with the general, quarter-master-general, and several others, with about twenty soldiers, waited at the outer gate for the Keeledar, who at last arrived, a poor hoary-headed old man, who had been

bound for proposing to give up the fort before we commenced the siege. For having given utterance to such a proposal, his mutinous troops had kept him confined till that moment. When he was liberated, he looked the picture of misery and despair. His white beard was clotted together from weeping, and he seemed almost starved. We had given the garrison to understand that, if any treachery was attempted, the governor's life should be the forfeit. At this juncture, a most untoward circumstance occurred. An eight-mortar battery erected in the village, being uninformed of this parley, opened their new shelling fortification, to try the distance. The first shell fell within five yards of General Watson's feet, and exploded; but, strange to say, we all escaped. Another fell on the tree under which we were standing, and another burst over our heads; but it miraculously happened that no one was hurt. All was consternation. The poor old Keeledar cried out "Treachery;" and some few shots were fired from the garrison. I was immediately despatched towards our mortar-battery to stop their proceedings; but I had not gone ten

yards before a shell fell within five paces of me. I immediately threw myself on my face, and hugged the ground, and thus escaped. I am persuaded that, when the shell bursts, it ascends a little, for I could hear the pieces buzzing over my head. The danger being over, I again made the best use of my legs, when I met the artillery-officer coming to see the effect of the shots which had been fired, to judge of the distance for the next eight, which were all ready. I was so completely out of breath that I could only say, "For God's sake, stop your firing."

The officer, alarmed at my appearance and manner, said, "What the devil is the matter with you, Shipp?" "Matter! my dear fellow," I replied; "why, you have, I suppose, by this time killed the general, quarter-master-general, and half the officers in camp." Hearing this, he set off at a gallop towards the fort, to see the extent of the mischief he had done from his ignorance of the parley. I followed at a slow trot, and was delighted to find that none of the shells, although eight had been thrown, had done any other in-

jury than frightening those whom they came near. I can speak for myself at all events, and I protest I did not at all relish the idea of being shot by the shells of our own batteries. There was something unnatural in this mode of making one's exit; and, to tell the candid truth, I was terribly scared, and the captain of the battery and I never got on such terms of intimacy again as to be within shelling distance, as I was not fond of such combustible acquaintances.

After I had stopped the shelling from our battery, and was thinking of my miraculous escape, I was interrupted by an inquisitive sergeant, and as I always made it a point of attending civilly to every man who spoke to me, I permitted him to go on. He addressed me as follows: "Pray, was your honour there when the first shell fell, for I was after laying that self-same mortar?"

"Yes;" said I, "and you nearly laid me in the grave."

"By the powers, but I should have been mighty sorry for that, your honour."

I thanked him for his sorrow, but he continued following me towards the scene of action, and at last again broke silence.

"Is all the fight over, your honour?"

I said, I hoped so.

"I hope not," replied he.

I told him, I was pretty confident of it, as the enemy were willing to give up the fort.

Hearing this, he coolly replied, "Then bad luck to them, after all the trouble we have had in building and completing that sweet eight-gun battery forenent yonder."

"Well, but, my good fellow," said I, "you cannot expect with reason more than they have to give."

"I don't mane that, your honour; it's only so much time thrown away for nothing, without getting any satisfaction for it; besides, your honour, it is quite tantalizing to one's feelings; and a great big fight would have been some kind of compensation."

"Supposing that, in that great big fight, you or I should have been killed, sergeant?"

"By my conscience," said he, laughing loudly, "but that would have been rather unpleasant, certainly."

"That would have been but a poor compensation for your trouble. What do you think, sergeant?"

"Fait! your honour, I like short reckonings, and I do not like to work for nothing."

Here we rejoined the party; he mixed in the general bustle, and I lost sight of him. I afterwards saw the same man in the fort, and I pointed out to him a poor woman whose legs had been shot off, but who still carried her babe in her arms, saying,—"Well, sergeant, I hope you are now compensated for your trouble in the erection of your battery." He turned his head to where I pointed, and said (I shall never forget his pathetic manner), "By my conscience, your honour, if I had thought I should ever have seen such a murderous sight, I would not have come near the place." I saw him wipe the tear of sympathy from his eye with the back of his hand, and he continued,—"Shall I take the poor

creature to the hospital?" "No, sergeant," replied I, "you would only increase her pain." Almost immediately after this the poor woman breathed her last sigh. In her last struggle she grasped her child, and, even after death, her cold eye rested on the features of her unconscious babe. We induced another woman, whose child had been killed, to take charge of this. She cheerfully consented; but whether the poor child really found in her a second mother, I had no means of knowing.

All the outer gates of the fort were barricaded with huge piles of stones, which we were obliged to remove before we could enter, and which took up a considerable time. We had prepared every thing, in case of treachery, and we therefore marched in as if proceeding to storm.

As we entered, they threw open the gates; but there was a degree of expressive fear on the face of every man in the fort, for they were strangers to the principles of Europeans, and they judged them by their own. Every man was ready, with his match lighted, resolved, as we were afterwards

given to understand, to sell their lives dearly, should we prove treacherous. No sooner did we enter, than the eye instinctively closed, on beholding the appalling scene before us. Terrified and decrepit old men and women were in great numbers; and agonized mothers were seen hugging their lifeless babes to their bosoms. Far and wide lay strewed bodies and parts of bodies. Some young women bared their bosoms to the pointed bayonets, calling upon our men either to kill them or return their murdered babes and husbands. One young maiden screamed bitterly for her father, who had been killed; and her last breath died upon the breeze, for she fell, and expired in the arms of her aged mother.

Having observed that we acted on the defensive only, and seemed rather to sympathize with them in their griefs, the enemy gained confidence, and left their elevated posts with apparent faith. They moved gradually and slowly out, taking with them their little property unmolested. They were pictures of the most abject misery and want. They had not received

any pay from their master, the Rajah of Nagpore, for the long period of two years, during which they had lived upon the produce of their exactions from the villagers of the surrounding country. I would venture to say that, out of fifteen hundred people, they had not a hundred rupees amongst them; but, had they millions, it was guaranteed to them by the word of faith which Britons had never broken in India. They quietly grounded their arms as they came out one by one, accompanied by their families. Some of them cast a last fond look at their sabres, probably some family relic, and heaved a parting sigh. The surrounding country being in a state of commotion, created by small parties of the Pindarees flying towards their long-forsaken homes, and purloining every thing they came near on the road, our humane general permitted every tenth man to keep his matchlock and sword for self-preservation. Under the dusk of the evening they moved towards their homes, and we took possession of the fort, having lost but very few men during the whole siege.

CHAPTER II.

THE property in the Fort of Dhamoony was literally nothing. The whole consisted of some five or six small guns, principally iron, and a considerable quantity of grain; the produce of which, as well as what was found in other forts taken during the campaign, was thrown into the general fund. Here, for a time, a small detachment was left; but they soon became so sickly, and died so fast, that we were obliged to dismantle the place, and leave it to the ravages of time.

The poor Keeledar was alone detained and held responsible for the rebellion of his garrison. He was punished in a most exemplary manner by our government, by being placed on eight rupees per diem, as a prisoner; quite as much, I should imagine, as he got in a whole month as Keeledar of the Fort of Dhamoony. The unbounded liberality of

the East-India Company is quite unknown in England, and, indeed, in the more remote parts even of Hindostan. Their munificence is proverbial among the whole of the Native powers with whom they have ever been concerned. Their extreme liberality, and their good faith in all treaties, which has never been tarnished, establish them in India on a rock which no power can shake. Whatever treaty, whether commercial or political, is entered into by them, it is as sure as that the sun will rise and the moon will shine, that its terms will be strictly fulfilled. Whatever may be the loss of such a treaty or bargain, its stipulations are adhered to to the very letter. These are principles that have established the Company's possessions in India on the firmest basis; and, aided by old England, she may now defy the combined power of all Europe. Her Native troops are good soldiers and loyal and faithful subjects; but they certainly require a little humouring. There are certain indulgences which must be granted to them: the free exercise of their religious rights; certain comforts, such as additional clothing, &c., during the several seasons

of the year; and by no means to attempt to induce them to wear any thing that is objected to by their several castes. However absurd their habits may appear to a person unacquainted with Indian affairs, they must be, to some extent, sanctioned. I am speaking, of course, of things reasonable. I do not mean to say that, if a Hindoo priest fancied himself a greater man than the Bishop of Calcutta, his lordship should resign his office in his favour; but simply that they should be indulged in every way not inconsistent with prudence and justice. I am persuaded that two or three millions of Native troops could, in the course of one year, be organized and fit for the field; and I do not hesitate to affirm that, when headed by brave European officers, and encouraged by the example of British gallantry, they would be found equal to any troops in the world. I speak this from my experience in India, and from being constantly engaged on active service with these troops. The Company have ever been justly conscious of the importance of attending to the different sects of men admitted as soldiers, selecting those of the

higher class of Hindoos for their infantry, and of the Mahometan castes for their cavalry. Whenever men of inferior caste have crept in, little rebellions have been traced to that source. I do not mean to say that men of an inferior caste are not equally brave soldiers; but I do maintain, the higher the caste or sect of the Native, the more he may be trusted, and the more likely he will be to prove himself a faithful subject, as well as a good soldier.

Our division was now directed to proceed against another fort of the Nagpore Rajah's, called Gurrah Mundellah, to which we had to march some two or three hundred miles, over hill and dale, cutting down mountains and filling up rivers. Our march was, therefore, of course very tedious. The government political agent, Major O'Brien, joined us at Jubblepore, and we proceeded slowly towards the place of our destination. In some parts of this country we were obliged to cut nearly our whole day's march through underwood and ravines; and, in some places, such was the impossibility of ascent over many of the hills, that it took a whole

day to cut a road so as to accomplish the next day's march through this wild and desolate country; but some of the views in the openings were truly splendid and beautiful. Everything that could please the eye or delight the senses was to be found in this spot,—the haunt of beasts of prey. One of these little valleys reminded me of a scene in "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments;" it was indeed a little fairy land, to describe which I am quite incompetent.

In this valley I arose about the hour of midnight, to view the enchanting scene. The moon was of unclouded brightness, and far on its western journey. Close beneath my tent was a clear and sweetly-murmuring stream, in which the moon dipped its silver wings, and its brilliant rays shed so clear a light through the trees that I could see every white tent around. Their inmates were all slumbering, lulled by the gentle moaning of the lofty pine. Hushed was every tongue, calm was every bosom, save those of one solitary mendicant priest at his midnight prostrations. His little tinkling bell disturbed the serenity of the night, and

grated on my ear with such discordance, that I actually composed a few stanzas of rhyme, if not poetry, on the spot, and could scarcely refrain from exclaiming—

Cease, prostrate hoary knave,
Cease thy tinkling bell;
Thee it cannot save,
Know it is thy knell.—&c. &c.

I perhaps ought not to withhold from the reader the concluding stanzas of this brilliant composition; but, really, whatever may be the demerits of a man's first attempt at versification, there are few who like to have their labours laughed at.

In three days more, after the most tedious marches, we began to inhale the same atmosphere as our enemy, and we were obliged to approach the several ghauts with caution. The country that surrounded the large town and fort against which we were advancing was terrifically wild; and, in some parts, deep-sunk dells and excavations in the earth told us that caution alone would insure success. In this fort, we had been given to understand, a considerable body of the flying Pindarees

had been enlisted, to assist in defending the fort against the English, their hated enemies. These we were resolved to make an example of; consequently, a strict investment of the fort was our primary object, to prevent their escape. For this purpose, Brigadier-General Watson, C. B., was despatched with the cavalry and some few infantry. I accompanied this party, and we commenced our march in the afternoon, working our way through rivers, jungles, and over immense hills. A little after dark, on passing a small hill a little on our left flank, two shots were fired at us. The general despatched a company of infantry to reconnoitre the spot from whence the shots had proceeded. On examination, it proved to be a small look-out of the enemy. We found several small cots or bedsteads here, and their fires were still burning; but, after firing their two shots, they must have immediately fled, and we were extremely obliged to them for their hint, which reminded us of the necessity for caution.

We had gained information from our spies that our road lay over a high ghaut, on which the enemy

had a strong piquet; that, when we had surmounted that ghaut, the road to the Fort of Gurrah Mundellah was over lowlands interspersed with water; and that we should have to cross the Nerbuddah, where we might expect to be opposed, as that river was wide, deep, and stony. Acting upon this information, our brave brigadier accompanied a small party, for the purpose of dislodging this piquet, without giving them a shot at the whole division. We were a long time ascending; so that, by the time we got up, the residue of the army were at the bottom. The enemy heard them by the neighing of the horses, and the confounded clatter of our dragoons' swords, which may be heard for miles. It would be much more musical if they would tie bells round the horses' necks, than to tolerate this abominable noise. The moment the piquet heard them, they fired their long ginjalls, which kill a mile off. The first shot wounded a poor grass-cutter of the 8th Native Cavalry, through the leg. At this time our detachment, which was stealing up the side of the hill, was so close upon the enemy, that they had not time to fire many more shots. They then ran

off, leaving eight or ten of their ginjalls suspended from branches of trees. At this place were ten or twelve fires, and about twenty cots. Some of their rice was cooking, but, for fear they might have poisoned it, we broke the utensils. The ginjalls we also broke, not being able to carry them with us. We then descended the hill; when the moon rose, and diffused her bright rays over the distant plain. The sight was enchanting, in comparison with prowling about in the pitchy darkness of the night, not knowing the moment we might be saluted with a pound ball from one of their long ginjalls. The corn-fields, the crops of which were then in a state of maturity, looked silvery bright, and it was a great relief to the eye that had been intensely watching in dreary darkness. Lighted torches, or fires, could be seen on the distant hills, and those in the intermediate space were, no doubt, indications to the fort of our approach.

We halted on the banks of a sweet crystal brook, and drank of its renovating stream. In about an hour we resumed our march on a tolerably good road, but crossed by little rippling rills almost every

half-mile, which kept our feet continually damp and cold. We passed through many rice-fields, and the country seemed fertile and cheerful, but not a man, or even a solitary hut, could we discover. We at last saw a light, apparently about a mile a-head of us. As we advanced, the light still appeared in the same situation. Sometimes we imagined that it was borne by some of the flying enemy, who had good reasons for keeping that distance a-head of us; but we soon discovered the fallacious light to be nothing more than the *ignis fatuus* on its midnight rambles. Shortly afterwards we came to a small village, consisting of about twenty huts, but nothing was to be found here but a few Pariah dogs, and some wandering cattle. Here we halted for the night, and handed round biscuits and grog to those who had not had the precaution to provide themselves with some refreshment. On similar occasions I had formerly been negligent, and had often suffered the pangs of hunger through my own neglect; but this evening, foreseeing from the nature of the country that our supplies could not reach us, I had provided myself with a whole bottle of brandy and a

considerable quantity of biscuit, which went freely round. The morning was very chilly, and we had no covering; but, notwithstanding this, the weary bodies of the men soon sank to sleep. My favourite mare had a blanket, which I would not deprive her of, as she would not drink brandy. Her portion of biscuit she had. When I awoke, what was my astonishment to see my groom wrapped up in my mare's blanket, and snoring like a pig, while the poor mare stood shrivelled up, and looking almost frozen to death. At this piece of consummate impudence on the part of the groom, I lost my temper, which nothing could restore but the satisfaction of giving the fellow a good horsewhipping. Besides this, I made him forfeit one rupee of his pay to purchase sweetmeats for the mare, to which she was exceedingly partial. I made the groom feed her himself with this remunerative luxury, and, to give the poor fellow his due, he did it goodnaturedly enough.

Soon after daybreak we again got on our way, but found that we were a much greater distance from the fort than we had been led by our spies to

suppose. We now marched in full preparation to meet the enemy, assured that they would not lose the fair opportunity of stopping our progress which was now afforded them. On our arrival at the spot where we expected to meet with resistance, to view the wide roaring river, the Nerbuddah, majestically rolling over its rocky beds, would alone have been sufficient to stop the progress of soldiers less inured to difficulties than we were. Had that river been defended, the forcing of the passage would have cost us dearly in lives. The banks on the opposite side were bold and abrupt; and the only accessible part for wheel-carriages was a road-way that had been excavated from the sides of the river. Had this ford been defended, or the road stopped, our passage would have been attended with immense difficulty and danger; but we did not see a single man, and we could form no other conclusion from such apparent indifference to so advantageous a position, than that they had occupied, and were resolved to defend, some place which they deemed more suitable to their purpose. About a mile farther we saw

some unarmed stragglers on the edge or margin of a wood, peeping at us. I rode after one of this party, whom, when I came up, I found to be a woman. She immediately threw herself on her knees, and begged for mercy, saying she was a poor villager. When she saw that I had not the remotest intention of injuring her, she afforded me every information I required, stating that all the soldiers were in the fort and town, and that until we got there we should fall in with none but poor and inoffensive people, who were leaving the fort for their native homes. With a large party of this kind we fell in almost immediately afterwards. They were armed, and drawn up in battle array; and nothing but the appearance of women and children among them would have prevented our advance from firing on them. From the fortunate circumstance that the poor woman with whom I had fallen in, had informed me that some of the people that did not wish to serve the rebel Rajah had left the fort, the whole of this party was permitted to pass without molestation, with commendations on their faith to the British government. They departed, and we proceeded towards the fort.

About a mile further on, from an eminence, we could distinctly see the town, with its thick and high walls, inside of which was a strong-built stone fort. With a glass we could see people on the walls and bastions in great numbers, and guns peeping from the embrasures, of enormous size. When we were in complete view, they indulged us with a few sixty-four-pounders, so that we were obliged to give them a much wider field. One of our guides stated that he had been in the fort, as a mendicant priest, and we had no reason to question his veracity. He produced a long sketch of the fortifications, strength, number of troops, &c., that induced some timid ones to make their last wills, and even impressed the more resolute with the idea that they had not a light job before them. Guns were new-flinted, pistols re-loaded, swords fresh-pointed, and preparations were busily making on all sides, while searching for a place called the Home Doongra, which was an eminence that looked into the fort, at a distance of about two miles from their centre bastion, and near which we intended to encamp. Whenever the enemy saw our men collected on this height, they saluted us with long

shots from a gun of enormous size. Several smaller ones were also thrown, and some of them were well directed. This is easily accounted for. I have frequently found that, wherever there was good cannonading, the gollandauze gunners had been taught in the Company's army. I have no doubt that many of our Native gunners enter the Company's service in those situations, as a preparatory step to entering the service of a Native prince or Rajah in the same capacity. The gunners are the only class of men in the service of these Rajahs that are regularly paid. In the Company's army, a sepoy, or other servant, can always leave, by expressing his disinclination to continue in the service; and this great indulgence is very often taken advantage of by well-drilled men, who have been taught all the minutiæ of military evolutions, and are probably proficients in gunnery. It is not an uncommon thing in Native armies, for persons of this description to get fifty and sixty rupees per month, when other soldiers are glad to get four. In this fort were three or four men, who had, in the manner I have described,

acquired a complete knowledge of gunnery, and were good shots. These men are so highly extolled among their caste, that they will madly throw themselves upon the bayonet, rather than desert the gun which they command. Two of the gollandauze in this fort were killed during the siege; the other returned to his home, which was Allahabad.

This fort of the Nagpore Rajah had rebelled. The Rajah himself had violated his treaty, and broken off his alliance with the Company. The inhabitants of this fortress, a short period before we encamped before it, had been summoned to evince their loyalty to the Company, to which they readily consented. For this purpose, a small force, consisting of one regiment of Native Infantry, and some part of the 8th Regiment of Bengal Native Cavalry, under the command of Major O'Brien, of the latter corps (then political agent for the arrangement of the country belonging to the rebel and treacherous Rajah of Nagpore), marched to occupy the Fort of Mundellah, which the governor had consented to give up. As soon, however, as

the garrison saw the detachment (a mere handful of men) under the Major, within gun-shot of the fort, they fired on the party, who were, of course, obliged to make a precipitate retreat.

Before this affair of Major O'Brien's, the moment the treacherous intentions of the Rajah had been detected, the British resident of Nagpore ordered his person to be seized. For this purpose, Captain Brown, of the Bengal Native Infantry, was despatched, with troops, to seize him. On the approach of this force, the Rajah flew to his zananah, and sought protection amongst his concubines. At any other time, and under any other circumstances, respect would have been shown to this *sanctum* of illicit pleasure; but, under the present circumstances of the case, delicacy was quite out of the question, and the party rushed in and seized him. The women in the zananah, in their impotent rage, flew at Captain Brown, who came off minus a considerable quantity of skin from his face, of some hair from his head and whiskers, and of one wing of his military full-dress coat; but he succeeded in securing his man, and dragging him from his

screaming women. The Rajah, being now a prisoner, was a short time after this sent under a strong escort towards the frontiers of our provinces, under the special charge of Captain Brown; but he escaped from him in the following extraordinary manner. I believe he was not disgraced by having his person fettered, or divested of its treasures; but he was permitted to be at large in his tent. His seemingly placid and penitential manner lulled his captors into the belief that he bitterly lamented his former treachery; but had their vigilance been ever so exemplary, his escape would have been accomplished, for a conspiracy was formed (no doubt with a view to gain) by some sepoys of his guard, and of those forming his escort, to facilitate his escape under cover of the night. The conspirators so managed, as to get on sentry at the same time, or relieve each other; but the officer on the night-duty had positive orders to see the Rajah, and did see him, every relief, which I believe was hourly. He had, in the course of the day, feigned ill, and wrapped himself up in his bed-covering; and the officer was naturally satisfied on seeing him,

as he supposed, as usual, enveloped in his bed-clothes; but the cunning Rajah, instead of being penitent for his crimes, had, under the garb of sickness, actually planned and made his escape, and several of our Native soldiers (the conspirators) had flown with him. Some time after he was gone, they discovered that the object whom the officer of the night supposed to be the sick Rajah wrapped up in his bed-clothes, was nothing more than a large pillow. When the last officer went his rounds, he was satisfied from appearances that his charge was secure. This hint ought to be a warning to young soldiers, not to trust to others what they ought to do themselves. The neglect of the inferior officer fell upon the commanding officer in charge, and he was brought to general court martial, but acquitted, on the ground of the conspiracy of his detachment. There could have been no necessity for such a trial, had the visiting-officer detected the escape at the prescribed time of his visiting, and not been satisfied with the appearance instead of the reality. What could be expected from such a character,—from one who had planned the destruction of those

very people who so basely aided and abetted his escape? Of the sepoys who thus broke their allegiance to the government, all who were taken suffered the heavy penalty of their crime—death. This should ever be the result of conspiracy. There can be no question that the Rajah had bribed them with some valuable jewels at the time, or held out to these infatuated and mercenary traitors golden promises of future aggrandizement. His escape was in the very heart of his own country; but who would admit a traitor? He could not procure an asylum, even in the midst of his own territory. He was hunted from fort to fort, and literally from door to door, execrated and despised; and he was, at last, found dead somewhere in Scindia's country, the just reward of his unprovoked, treasonable, and treacherous conduct. He justly forfeited his throne, and merited his fall.

We took up our quarters for the night, in a small toop of trees, near the Home Doongra, the eminence which I have before spoken of. The night being sultry and hot, I slept on the outside

of my tent. Close to my feet ran a little rippling stream, the banks of which were thick and bushy. I had not reclined long on my couch, before I heard a rustling noise amongst the bushes, and the cries of so many animals, that I began to think I was in rather a dangerous neighbourhood, and got my pistols ready, in case a tiger or other beast of prey should have taken a fancy to the body of the baggage-master, in preference to that of some more comely person. I listened attentively for a considerable time, when I heard imitations of the sounds of birds. I then knew I was in the vicinity of thieves, and kept my pistol on the cock. At last, I distinctly heard a low voice say, "He wakes,"—"Squat down." I instantly jumped off my cot, and ran towards the place; but they were off, and, from the darkness of the night, I could not see them, or they were so close it was quite impossible they could have escaped. From the noise they made in scampering off, there must have been some five or six of them. I should have changed my quarters after this, but the moon at this time stole from behind a cloud,

and illumined all around, and I slept peaceably till the morning dawned. We then commenced our reconnoitreing, during which we were frequently saluted with a sixty-four pounder, but escaped unhurt.

The remainder of the division arrived this morning, and in the course of the day we completely invested the town and fort. We took up our position on the east side of the fort, having the river Nerbuddah, with a large village and toop of trees, in our front, which completely screened us from view. The information brought into camp by the spy spoken of, with his plans and drawings of the fort, were found, on a minute examination, to be utterly false. It turned out that he had never been near the fort, but loitered about in the woods and villages in its vicinity, and there gained the information from which he drew his plans. The integrity and faith of this Native had been such that his master would have trusted his life on his veracity. For the long period of more than twenty years had this spy borne the toils and risks of his perilous occupation, without once having been de-

tected in a falsehood; but his grey hairs were now at a late period of his life disgraced. For his long services, however, he was pensioned off, and placed in a solitary hut in his old age, to repent of this one act of deception. He confessed that his old tottering frame had refused to bear him as heretofore, and that fear had caused him to commit this his first transgression.

We had gained unquestionable information that a large body of our old friends, the Pindarees, had found an asylum in this fort, to the number of five hundred men, to assist in its defence. The place was so closely invested by us that a man could not possibly escape, and we, one and all, were determined to chastise the garrison for their base treachery, and the Pindarees for their impudence. Although this town and fort occupied more than three miles in circumference, yet, at night, such was our care of their precious inmates, we formed a complete and close chain of sentinels around the whole of the space; and every quarter of a mile we had posted strong mounted and dismounted piquets, whose horses were constantly on the bit.

The primary object of our brave general was to avoid any unnecessary effusion of blood; and, consequently, mercy was tendered to the occupants of the fort, provided they would give it up. Every base stratagem was resorted to, as usual, to gain time to reinforce and strengthen the fort, under the plea of taking time to think of the proffered terms of reconciliation. All this while we could see every hand employed in building new fortifications, under the delusion that our guns were only intended to intimidate them into compliance. They were confirmed in this opinion, not only by the predictions of their priests, but from the supposed impossibility of getting any guns of a large size over the gigantic mountains we had traversed; and, indeed, to view the lofty mountains, to use the words of the Natives, "It was difficult for the sharp-eye'd hawk to find his way over such precipices, for they were as stupendous as the midnight moon, or the morning light peeping from the newly-lighted chambers of the East." This delusion lulled them into fancied security, and their hardened hearts became steeled to the advice of reason, and our

offers of compassion in favour of their mothers, wives, and babes. We soon convinced them that our guns were not so much to be despised as they imagined; but, before we opened our batteries on them, one effort more was made by us to prevent the destruction of life, by another offer of mercy, accompanied by the most earnest entreaties that, if their own hearts still continued hardened and obdurate, and they were resolved to resist the dictates of reason, they would, at least, not imbrue their hands in the blood of their families. These messages of mercy were treated with contempt, and spurned with indignation. Every effort that the feeling mind could suggest, or humanity dictate, was resorted to, to induce these deluded people to listen to our proposals; and every kind of forbearance was shown to them, up to the last moment. On the following morning our guns opened, which drove their priests early to the temple to solicit protection and aid from the dumb objects of their idolatrous worship. The warrior was now seen putting on his coat of mail; all was bustle, consternation, and confusion. When our

cannonading commenced, the birds, scared, soon got on the rapid wing, and sought shelter in the distant woods, and the deer fled with the quickness of lightning across the plain, bending their way towards the dreary forest. The enemy returned our fire, and hoisted their colours as a proof of earnest, and a total defiance of our power. We had not as yet completed our shelling-batteries, and, therefore, before these magazines of death were finished, we once more called upon the inmates of the fort to send their families out, with an assurance that we would guarantee their protection and safety; that they should have a safeguard to whatever part of the country they wished to proceed; and that they should not be deprived of any of their private property. We could not make up our minds to fight against women and children. Our humane general begged most earnestly, that this, his last entreaty, might be attended to, as he should, on their refusal, commence his shelling, which would bereave them of many of those dear objects whom he now, for the last time, gave them an opportunity to save. A certain time was

given for an answer. They knew that the guarantee proffered for the safety of their families was inviolable. On this point they were fully satisfied, and our continued solicitations at length melted their hearts. They consented, and the following morning, at ten o'clock, was fixed for their coming out. At this prospect, we all felt much delighted, for it deadens the heart of a brave man to hear the cries and wailings of inoffensive women and innocent children. Every bosom panted at the happy event, as some great calamity removed from our own hearts.

In the morning, the sun rose in all his majesty, and his bright beams seemed to shine with approbation on our act of mercy. We had selected a large mango toop as the place of rendezvous. The appointed hour arrived, and we were delighted to see an immense number of people issuing from the fort, and bending their slow and gloomy steps towards the toop. It seemed like some funeral procession following some dear relative to the tomb. Some wept aloud and some in silence; some pressed their little offspring to their an-

guished bosoms; and others cast a lingering eye on the distant tower, where stood the objects of their love. Yet there seemed a confidence of safety beaming from every eye. A few men accompanied them, but without arms; and the bastions and walls were lined with soldiers to witness the scene. There came grey-headed mothers, young wives, and numbers of children, from ten and twelve years old, to the fondling at the mother's breast. What a group of mortal creatures rescued from the tomb of destruction! The total number was about one thousand. Some of the women were truly beautiful, and very elegantly attired. Having made known their places of abode, they were despatched, under a safeguard. The procession moved slowly on. At about four hundred yards from the fort, the eyes of most of the party were turned towards the objects of their love, whom they were about to leave in danger, and many did bid farewell, and for the last time—for many of their husbands fell victims to their infatuated and blindfold zeal. When they had proceeded about a mile from the fort, we gave the enemy three

cheers, testifying that we had strictly fulfilled the duties of the trust confided to us. The garrison returned our cheers; and, having now performed the duties of humanity, our next duty was due to our country. In mercy to their families we did not commence shelling till the doleful sounds could not reach their ears. We opened them about noon, and our first shell fell about mid-way, which created a shout on the part of the enemy; but the next started them from their hiding-places, and they could be seen running in all directions.

Having thrown about a dozen, the Rajah mounted the shawbroodge (king's bastion), attended in state, to see the fun. We could recognize him by his glittering chattah (state umbrella). In the bastion, I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty persons, nor could the distance be less than a mile and a half. The captain of the artillery, determined to regain his credit for his first bad shot, laid on a special one for the bastion, and, wonderful to say, it lodged on its very top. In an instant, even before the smoke cleared, the state chattah and every soul disappeared, and the

shouting in our batteries was terrific. Not a word was returned from the fort; all seemed gloom and despair; and self-preservation seemed to be thought of most by them, from the general movement of the garrison. When the effect of the shell was seen, an Irish sergeant of the artillery bellowed out, "By my conscience, captain, but that was after picking some of their teeth for them, for I saw one of the spalpeens scratching his head." The captain replied, "You must have capital eyes, sergeant, to see a man scratch his head at this distance."

"By the powers, your honour, I did see it, because I happened to be looking at the very time, or I should not, perhaps, have seen him."

"Well, sergeant, I have no reason to doubt your word; will you try a shell?"

"I should have no objection, but I have no chance of driving them away, because they are all gone; but I should like to try one, and see if I could hit something."

He fired, and immediately cried out, "By St. Patrick, but that's amongst them, if they should

happen to be there." This blunder caused a general laugh at poor Paddy's expense, who seemed a little nettled, and peevishly replied, "Fait! you may laugh, but that's more than those will who were kilt by that shell just now."

We could distinctly hear the moanings of the wounded; and sad must have been the fate of those poor fellows whose gaping wounds were left bleeding, the shattered bones protruding through the lacerated flesh. The very idea makes the sympathetic mind shudder; but the hearts of these unfortunate creatures were as inpenetrable as the stubborn rock on which their fort was erected. Yet, this very fact serves but to increase our sorrow for their benighted souls, influenced and guided by some hypocritical priest or mendicant impostor, who leads them blindfold to destruction.

The firing from the fort was good and steady, and some of their long shots would have been no disgrace to an European gunner. I was, during this seige, as before, baggage-master and acting aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Watson, C.B., who invested this fort in person, and saw hourly the operations car-

ried on under his own eye, being constantly riding round the chain of posts, or in the breaching and other batteries, always seeing things done, and strictly watching the progress of the siege.

Our principal breaching-battery was on the east side of the fort, keeping the pure stream of the sweet Nerbuddah running between ourselves and the foe. Many of the enemy, when sipping of its crystal water, were killed in the attempt to moisten their parched lips. I have more than once nearly quarrelled with my brother officers on the following subject, nor can I ever reconcile to my bosom, that the act is fair or right. The question to which I allude is this, whether it is fair that I should secrete myself in a hole, or behind a wall, with a rifle, and thus, unseen, shoot every poor creature who shows his nose, without my own person being in the slightest danger. It is true, it is an enemy whom you thus treat, but I do consider the act of placing oneself in security, and from the hiding-place dealing out death, treads close upon the heels of cowardice, if it does not come under the designation of actual murder. Give me man to man, and sword to sword.

I hate unfairness in anything; and I do not think this practice, though often adopted, will stand the test of scrutiny in the eye of justice.

We breached a corner bastion of the town, the base of which ran down into the river, on the banks of which we could approach the breach out of sight, and pounce upon it unobserved, and out of the reach of their cannon and small arms. All was impatience to get to work. The breach seemed fit for storming. Various were the opinions of the impetuous soldiers relative to its practicability. Some said they could ride up it, others that they could drive a gig up. Thus went round the thoughtless opinions of rash youth, ever willing to run headstrong into danger; but our prudent engineer, Captain Tickell, smiled on their hasty opinions, and sarcastically replied, "Whenever you do storm, rest assured you will not find the ascent of that breach a light job." "To satisfy myself," he continued, "I will go. It is better to sacrifice one life than a hundred." Saying this, he immediately crossed the river, about a quarter of a mile lower down, and stole along the banks of the Nerbuddah unobserved, having

given previous instructions to the whole of the batteries to keep their fire for the top of the breach, should he be attacked. He seemed to ascend with difficulty. Every heart trembled for his safety, for he was a brave officer and one of our best engineers. He at last mounted the summit of the breach, and waved his hat. At that moment several of the enemy rushed out, but he jumped down the breach. They came to the very verge of it, but no sooner were their bodies seen, and the engineer safe from its top, than the whole of our guns, with shot and shells, were opened, and those who rushed out for his destruction met their own. Not one of them returned to tell the tale.

On the return of the engineer to the battery, he said nothing to any one, having been before much annoyed by the speculative opinions of those who stood about him. He however, after his return, altered the direction of the firing of the breaching-battery to a large tree which had been shot down, and which must necessarily impede our ascent. This, he afterwards said, completely blocked up the footing of the breach, and had we stormed accord-

ing to the opinions and ardent wishes of many of the inexperienced, we must have suffered considerably in the loss of lives. He afterwards said, that he thought it a providential thing that such opinions, however foolish, had been expressed, for it was the cause of his being able to remedy an evil he could not for a moment have foreseen. On the contrary, it had before been his opinion, that the fallen tree would have facilitated our progress rather than impeded it. He thought we should be able to storm in the afternoon. A howitzer was immediately laid for the removal of this obstacle, and the shell fired from it lodged in the very centre of the rooty part of the tree, and when it burst blew it to pieces. This drew upon the artillery-officer who laid it the eulogiums of the spectators. Amongst the number was the Irish sergeant, who cried out, "By the powers, captain, but that's what I call a moving shot."

"Yes," replied the captain, "a remover, certainly, for I see the stump of the tree is gone. I wish you would remove the other large bough that hangs on the side of the bastion."

"I will try, if your honour pleases; but I should sooner see your honour do it, to finish the work you are just after completing, and I will try and do the rest."

Thus went round the merry joke, and we were all laughing heartily at poor Pat's bulls and drollery, when a whisper was heard running the lines, "Fall in, storming-party." On went the pointed bayonet; in went the new flint. Every body was busy in an instant, and naught was heard save the hammering of flints and the fixing of bayonets. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We crossed the Nerbuddah, and marched along the bed of the river to our other breaching-battery, and there rendezvoused for a time, till all was ready.

The gallant general on whose staff I acted had volunteered to lead the storming-party in person, as it was supposed we had a sharp job before us. I, as part of his staff, did not of course remain behind, but had the honour to participate with the general in the toils and glory of the day. Our situations, I assure the reader, were no sinecures;

for we fought and fagged hard for nearly three hours.

About four o'clock the party moved on, led by the brave general and his suite. The storming-party consisted of two companies of the Bengal 14th Regiment Native Infantry, supported by the 13th Regiment. We stole slowly on along the bank, every tongue as still as the midnight thief. About ten or twenty paces before we got to the breach, the column was visible to a projecting bastion of the fort, from which a strong party of Arabs were despatched, to stay our progress and oppose our entrance. These for a considerable time disputed our entry, but our brave Native troops, inspired by the cheering of their gallant leader, soon beat them from their posts. They then took possession of some huts that had escaped being burnt, and fired through loop-holes; but they soon burnt themseves out by setting fire, either by intention or accident, to these huts. This for a moment stopped our further progress, as we could not pass the flaming huts. Here we lost some few men; and, seeing that the destruction of numbers of our brave

Sepoys was inevitable, if we remained long in this position, we rushed through the flames, and on the opposite side found a large body of men drawn up to oppose us. For a short time the struggle was hard; but our brave little general soon gave the word, "Charge." It was then that the butchery commenced. For a time our brave opponents would not give way, but rushed upon the bayonet's point, and fought sword in hand; but, when they did begin to run, the carnage was truly dreadful. I saw one old grey-headed Arab, notwithstanding that he had had two bayonets through his body, and was lying on his back, cutting away in a most resolute and heroic manner. The third wound which he received was a shot through his head, which settled him. We followed close on the heels of the fugitives, who fell in all directions. They branched off towards the left, in the hope of getting off in that quarter, but we had previously sent a strong party of infantry and cavalry to prevent their escape. They were now completely hemmed in, and fight they must, or die. They did fight, and I never saw men fall so fast. They

were in such numbers that every shot told. Hundreds of them threw down their arms, and took to the water. These were for the most part drowned, and those who reached the opposite shore were made prisoners; but these were comparatively few to the number who met a watery grave. Some few escaped into the fort; and others threw down their arms and begged for mercy.

In a deep ravine were about a hundred women and children. These poor creatures had been detained as corn-grinders, and our shells, unfortunately, had made sad destruction among them. Many of their children had their legs and arms shot off, and I saw one with its entrails protruding, a ball having gone completely through its body. We left a guard over this wretched party, to prevent them from being fired on. At this point we were exposed to a smart fire from the fort, which took off our attention from these women, and we pushed on, and in an hour had completely cleared the town of its fighting men. The fire from the fort became warmer, and it was therefore requisite that we should maintain what we had got, for night now began to cast a gloom on the scene below.

It was now necessary to establish ourselves for the night, under cover from the shots of the fort; which we did by occupying temples and other buildings, as, also, the principal entrances to the main streets. In a couple of hours we were secure and safe, and not a single shot was fired. All was calm and quiet, save the distressing moanings of the wounded and the dying, whose cries and groans were truly touching to the heart. We grieved that we could not relieve them; but all that we could do was to take care that none of our troops or followers ventured to add to, or aggravate their pains, by rifling their persons, or by any taunting triumph. It would have been a mercy to have hidden from the human eye such a sight as was then before us, and we hailed with joy the closing of day, which shut from our view the distorted features of dying men, and the gushing streams of the wounded. The night set in, in dreary darkness; the clouds seemed thick and gloomy; and in an instant all was hidden from short-sighted man, and seen alone to Him to whose care and protection we will leave the sufferers.

CHAPTER III.

After we had taken full possession of the town of Garrah Mundellah, I was directed, at about ten o'clock at night, to proceed alone and examine a distant temple, to ascertain if it was a safe asylum to lodge men in for the night. This temple stood at the end of a long street, to which I was obliged to grope my way, guided only by the distant fired hut, or a peeping star. Why did the general send me alone? Because he knew I would go, and it was better to risk the life of one man than five hundred. I cannot say that I had any great *penchant* for this job, but off I marched without a murmur. It was the general's part to order, and my duty promptly and cheerfully to obey. The night being dark, and the dead and the dying lying in all directions, it was no very enviable trip; but duty led me through every difficulty. My pace

was slow and cautious; not quite so slow as the goose-step, but something near it. In each hand I had a pistol, and I kept one eye turned to the right and the other to the left, now and then stealing a glimpse to the front, but could not spare time to look behind me. Occasionally my pointed toe would come in contact with a dead body or wounded man. This created sensations by no means agreeable. I had not proceeded far, when some person seized my leg, and said, "Who are you?" This a little startled me; I suddenly drew it away, and said I was his friend. "Then give me some water," said he, "for I am wounded." I felt every inclination to render the poor creature this service, but it was quite impossible; so I passed on, but had hardly recovered my fright, when a large beam that was on fire fell with a tremendous crash, and several voices were heard, and the sound of persons running from the place where the beam fell. I stopped for a moment to listen, but all was again quiet, and I moved on slowly till I reached the foot or steps of the temple, when I heard the tinkling of a small bell. I ascended the steps and

reached the door, when I heard some person murmuring out his midnight prayers. I at last peeped in, and discerned an aged priest prostrating himself on the ground before one of his gods. A small lamp was suspended from the ceiling. I entered and gave him the customary salute of the evening, but he had not the politeness to return my salute, but blew out the light and ran out precipitately, and I followed him, having first minutely surveyed the temple. What the priest took me for I know not, but probably for a ghost, for he was out of the temple in a moment. I returned by the same streets I came down, but a little faster. When about half-way, I heard voices; then horses' feet; and, at last, I could see several men on horseback approaching, and soon found, by their conversation, that they were some men from our camp, belonging to our ally, Scindia, who had got in for the purpose of plundering. I slunk behind a hut till they had passed, as I knew well that these marauders would have cut my throat for the sake of the buttons on my coat; so I permitted them to pass on, and I had hardly emerged from my hiding-place, when

a huge Pariah dog set up a tremendous howling. He was sitting down close by a dead man, no doubt his master, for on the following morning he was still there, and howled piteously when any one approached the body. The poor animal was shot, and thus put out of his misery.

I at last reached the general and made my report, after which I had the honour of escorting two companies to the temple, but the old priest had not returned. I then had to return alone, and, having established the troops, the general and suite, myself among the number, returned to camp, and, after a good dinner, retired to bed and slept soundly.

We recommenced our work on the following morning. On our arrival in the town, we were informed that a Captain B. and about fifty men had been in the fort the greater part of the night. On receiving this information, the general could hardly credit the assertion; but, on approaching the fort, he found it was true. The gate of the fort was thrown open, and we entered, and never did human eye look on more accumulated woe and

misery than the scene before us presented. The carnage far exceeded that of Huttrass, or of any of the other storms I have had the unpleasant task to narrate. I shall not attempt to describe the scene; and should these memoirs ever meet the eye of any of my fair countrywomen, I am confident they will thank me for the omission. Suffice that upwards of five hundred bodies were, in the course of the day, committed to a large well, into which the enemy had thrown many of their dead during the siege. This well was closed up, and a man of the Artillery sculptured on a stone with his bayonet

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

There let them rest in peace!

We had scarcely proceeded one hundred yards when we met Captain B. and his men, with the Keeledar and another person in custody. The general thus addressed him, "Captain B., by what authority have you acted as you have done, and thus, without orders or instruction, permitted your men to enter the fort?" The captain told a lame story, to the effect that the Keeledar had offered

him a bribe to permit him to escape through the limits of his post, and that, having refused this, he received information that, if he wished, he might march his men into the fort. There was evidently a mystery in all this, and the ill-natured world said many unkind things on the subject; but how far these may have been true I cannot pretend to say. Certain it is, however, that there was something that came out a short time afterwards that would have brought the affair under the investigation of a general court-martial; but the individual died, and the affair died with him, and he was buried on the spot. He was an officer of unblemished character; and little did he think that the spot where he was accused of committing his first offence would be his grave. The Keeledar was a most respectable-looking man, and elegantly dressed; but I do not think I ever saw a more careworn and dejected face than his in my lifetime. He seemed weighed down with woe. He salam'd to the general in a most respectful and humble manner, and said, "Do what you please with me," at the same time offering his head. I was desired to

inform him that he must answer for his rebellion before a court-martial, and that his life would be the forfeit if he could not state satisfactory reasons for his treachery and rebellion, and satisfy the government that this act of disaffection was not his own. He replied, "I am as willing to meet death as I am to meet you here." He was placed in security, and our next object was to dispose of the prisoners. These were in number about two thousand, and more than one third of them were wounded. They were allowed their option, either to return to their homes, or remain in the town. The greater part of them availed themselves of the former offer, and, having been deprived of their arms, they went off to join their families, and bear the sad tidings to many an anxious wife of her husband's death, and to many a fond mother the bitter news of her son having been shot.

Having arranged everything for the protection of the property, I was appointed a prize-agent for head-quarters, and we immediately commenced collecting the property to one spot. My first care was to put double sentinels on the entrance to the za-

nanah, till I could, with the other two prize-agents, search that place; but, as they were busy in another place, I took a peep at my double sentinels, and found one of them had left his post and gone inside. I met him coming towards me with two large boxes, about two feet by three. I asked him what he had got there, and he said that they contained nothing but paun. I told him to give them to me. He did so, and I found them of an enormous weight. They contained, in fact, the whole of the jewellery of the zananah. In the verandah, were large bales of shawls and silks, sewn together like quilts, and in an inner room was the family of the Keeledar, consisting of his wife and two daughters, who on beholding me threw themselves at my feet, and begged for mercy in the most beseeching manner.

I could as soon have laid the finger of harm on the author of my being; indeed, the duties of my present situation were repugnant and uncongenial to my feelings; but, whatever situation I was appointed to, or entrusted with, I always made it my primary object to fulfil the several branches

of it in the most rigid manner, consistent with the rules of the service and usages of war; and, therefore, the more sympathetic feelings were absorbed in those of duty. I, however, consoled these poor weeping creatures with the full assurance of their safety, and protection against harm or pollution, of which they expressed the most dreadful fears. This privileged right of war, so esteemed by the Native powers, has in no instance ever stained the victorious banners of the East India Company; but these females had wrought their anguished minds on this subject to a pitch of phrenzy and distraction, and all I could do and say could not drive from their fear-distorted features the evident dread under which they laboured. When, at length, I called God to witness the sincerity of my assurances, I could see a ray of hope beam and shine through their tears of apprehension, and their tempestuous bosoms became comparatively quieted and calmed. The thanks and prayers of the elder daughter would have affected with pity and commiseration the most tyrannic heart. She was, I think, the most perfect beauty I had

ever seen. Her form was sylph-like and elegant; her features regular and beautifully shaped; and her eyes were of a jet black, and peeped from under her dark eyebrows like stars stealing from behind the murky clouds of night. Her voice, when she spoke, was extremely sweet, and the words of consolation which she addressed to her aged mother would have drawn tears of pity from the most obdurate heart. When she threw herself at my feet and supplicated for mercy, her piercing and anguished looks stole drops of pity from my eyes; and the conjuring expression of her lovely countenance would have won the most savage bosom to commiseration. She seized my sabre, which was suspended from my side, and grasped it with both her hands, till I solemnly pledged myself for her protection and safety. When I did this, her beautiful eyes beamed forth that gratitude which she could not find words to express. I assisted her to rise, and then placed the three ladies in a room up-stairs, till they could, with propriety, be made over to the Keeledar, who was at present in custody, and must meet the sentence of a general

court-martial. It was supposed that nothing could save him from the heavy penalty of his rebellion.

We were the whole day getting together the prize property,—elephants, camels, horses, bullocks, &c. &c. During the day, the general visited the Keeledar's afflicted family. He assured them of their protection and safety, and ordered that every requisite for their use should be given them, more especially their clothes, which were splendid indeed! They were protected, consoled, and sympathized with. It is the boast and pride of the brave to administer succour to the afflicted, and to wipe away the tear of sorrow. Our brave general was humane as he was brave; and, when he visited this weeping family, he said, "Shipp, this is a sad sight; what can possibly be done to relieve their distress?" He desired me to inform them of his inclination to alleviate their sufferings; that they should in the course of the day see their father; and that, should they wish it, they might be permitted to see him every day; but that, for the present, he must live separate from them. The general desired me to say everything

that could console them. The elder daughter threw herself at his feet, and thanked him for his kindness. I saw the tear stealing down the gallant general's cheek as he turned his head from her, and for a time he was so overpowered by his feelings that he could not speak.

In the course of the day the ladies were permitted to visit the Keeledar. They proceeded, veiled, to the room in which he was confined; and the meeting was truly distressing. The daughter whispered words of comfort into her father's ear, and did her utmost to console and support him, begging him not to be so dejected, and assuring him that they had fallen into the hands of merciful and humane persons, whose general had himself assured her of her safety and protection from all harm. She continued, "Come, dear father, cheer up," and she kissed away his tears, and wiped his eyes with the end of her white muslin dress. The old man cried and sobbed most piteously; but, having given full vent to his tears, he was more cheerful. They remained with him about a couple of hours, and then returned to their

apartments in the zananah, greatly composed and comforted.

The prize-property was removed to camp, and sold by public auction, which lasted a whole day. It realized a very large sum of money. The general court-martial for the trial of the rebel Keeledar now assembled, composed entirely of Native commissioned officers, the senior officer acting as president. A warrant had been granted by the Governor-General in Council of Fort William, for the convening of Native general courts-martial, for the trial of all such persons as might rebel against the government. This man now stood arraigned before a tribunal thus constituted, charged with treachery and rebellion against the government. Forty years' service crowned the brow of the venerable soubahdar who presided on this occasion, and he was a very shrewd clever fellow. The proceedings were conducted by an European officer, through an interpreter, and committed to paper in English. The crime with which the prisoner stood charged was read to him by the interpreter. He seemed perfectly to comprehend the charge against him, and he pleaded, "Guilty."

This he pronounced in a manly and firm voice, stating, that he fought entirely irresponsibly, and that he was ready and willing to meet the penalty of the law, and atone for his disobedience with his life. Here he struck his bosom, and seemed to wait the order for his execution. The president turned round to him, and said, in a most pathetic manner, "Keeledar, you have now put your seal to your own death by that confession; but have you not got a wife and children? If you have no value for your own life, will you also murder them?" This appeal, urged in the most impressive manner, roused the Keeledar from his lethargy. He started, looked wild, paused; his lips seemed to quiver; and his head dropped on his heaving bosom. There seemed to be an innate working of the soul—a dreadful struggle between two contending feelings. The good and humane president soothingly said, "Take your time, ere you pronounce the sad doom of your wife and children,—your time is our's." The whole court, and the numerous spectators, now waited with breathless impatience and anxiety, to hear the Keeledar's reply. At last, he said, "Your obser-

vation relative to my wife and children is just. I will not be the means of agonizing their feelings; but," continued he, "what will the Rajah say, should I deceive him?" The Rajah's treachery and rebellion were explained to him, and he was apprised of his elopement, and the probability there was that he was dead. Upon hearing this, his feelings seemed to undergo another struggle, and, after a short pause, he drew from his bosom a long roll of paper, which contained the most peremptory instructions from the Rajah, to fight the English, "as long as one stone of Gurrah Mundellah stood upon another, and as long as one drop of water remained in the Nerbuddah to wash away their blood." This letter was received the very day he had promised to give up the fort to Major O'Brien. Other documents fully proved that his resistance to the government was in fulfilment of the positive orders of his master. He was consequently fully acquitted, but kept in custody for some time. He was afterwards pensioned by the Company. Had this man been hanged, it would have cast a gloom over our victory. He afterwards confessed to me,

that the difficulty he had experienced in resolving upon the course which he at last was induced to pursue on his trial, arose from his doubts whether it was more honourable to sacrifice his own life, or eternally to offend his tyrannic master. He expressed himself as being very grateful to the court for their great care and anxiety about him, more especially to the good soubahdar. I immediately communicated the fact of his acquittal to his agonized family, who prostrated themselves on the earth, and said, "Bless the humane English; may they long live and prosper in this land." Immediately after his acquittal, he was permitted to live with his wife and daughters, and he was received by them with feelings that would have done credit and honour to a more enlightened family. From that moment his beautiful daughter was no more visible; but they all proceeded with us towards the small Fort of Hutta, until the turbulence of the country in which the Keeledar resided had in some measure subsided, when he was permitted to return to his home.

Having left a regiment for the protection of the

Fort of Hutta, we proceeded towards Saugar. On our way we had to call on several smaller forts, the occupants of which gave them up without a murmur, and in a short time we reached our cantonments; but scarcely had we had time to cool ourselves, when we were again put in requisition, and directed to proceed against the strong stone Fort of Gurrah Khootah. Towards this fort we moved some time in the month of March, 1819, and we were not displeased with the news, as we were indebted to the Keeledar of that fort an old grudge, for his impudence when we passed it some few months before. The garrison was overbearing, and it was high time to bring them to their senses. This fort belonged to Scindia, one of our allies, but had been sold by the garrison, for their ten months' arrears of pay, to a neighbouring Rajah, who could not or would not give it up without a fight for it. The circumstances of the purchase are these:—

Some years before that period, the Fort of Gurrah Khootah was besieged by a considerable force

from the Deccan, and they persisted in the siege for some eighteen months, but could not take it. The Rajah, then its owner, not being able to drive the invading force away, solicited Jean Baptiste, a bastard Frenchman in Scindia's service, to disperse the besiegers, with a promise, that he would reward him for so doing with some land in the vicinity of the fort. This was accepted by the Frenchman, who, with a considerable force, succeeded in driving the besiegers to their own country. This accomplished, he took up his ground on the place the besiegers had left; and, a day having been appointed for the arrangement of the promised reward, the hypocritical Jean Baptiste marched into the fort in the greatest splendour and magnificence, with colours flying, drums beating, war-trumpets screaching, &c. His forces were permitted to enter indiscriminately, and no treachery was even dreamed of. When the usual greetings and congratulations were over, shoulder to shoulder, and breast to breast, at a preconcerted signal, the unsuspecting and unarmed garrison were pounced

upon, and driven out of the fort, and deprived of their wives and daughters. Jean Baptiste then gave, or sold, the said fort to Scindia, who placed in charge of it one Harratoone, an Armenian.

The garrison, under this man's command, sold the fort for their arrears of pay, and the purchaser was the grandson of him whom Jean Baptiste had so treacherously deceived; and, if every one had his right, it was legally his own without paying for it.

This grandson of the original owner of the fort paid up the arrears of the garrison, eighty thousand rupees, the old garrison walked out, and he walked in. Scindia, however, still considered this fort to be his; but, as he could not take it, he called upon us, his allies, to take it for him. Had it been the old garrison, we should have been better pleased; but it was our duty to obey orders, so to work we went, the garrison having positively refused to give it up without a struggle.

This fort stands on the river Scend; and two sides of it are protected and guarded by that river, which is deep. The other two faces are pro-

tected by a strong stone wall thrown round the fort on the banks of a branch of the same river. It was, therefore, necessary that we should make ourselves masters of this outwork, before we commenced breaching the fort. For this purpose a corner bastion was selected, where the water of the river was not more than three feet deep. In a few hours the breach was ready, and the moon's rising was the time appointed for the storming of this bastion. The ascent was high and difficult. The general was in the battery when the storming party moved out, and I was rather surprised to see him proceed with them down to the river. I, of course, stuck close to his elbow. The enemy soon observed us, and commenced a heavy fire, but too high. Our brave sepoys mounted the breach like heroes; but at the top the fight seemed desperate on both sides, and at one time we thought our men were giving way. Impressed with this notion, our brave little general dashed through the water, and was on the top of the bastion in a moment, and soon cheered his men in. The enemy fled towards the fort, and left us in quiet possession

of the outer fortification. There was a large house, about two hundred paces from this corner, which our men occupied during the night, and we returned to the camp pleased with our day's exploit, and that we had not stained old England's banner.

On the following morning the engineer fixed on a place for the batteries on the opposite side of the river, and breached an enormous bastion, which, like that of the Fort of Mundellah, ran down to the water's edge. In four-and-twenty hours the heavy guns were moved down and put into their places for work, establishing our grand magazine in a village immediately behind them, to which a road had been dug for the purpose of conveying the ammunition, without being exposed to the firing from the fort. The general gave most positive orders, before he left the battery, that no ammunition should, on any account, be lodged in the magazine, but that it should be kept behind the village. These orders having been given, we rode home to breakfast. I had scarcely swallowed a mouthful when the general seemed restless, and presently said, "Shipp, saddle your horse imme-

diately, and ride at speed to the grand battery. I have a strange presentiment that all is not right there." My horse was saddled in a moment, and I gallopped down with all possible speed. When I arrived at the battery I really thought I should have fallen off my horse, for the first things that met my eye were the whole of the tumbrells, with shots and shells, and some thousands of rounds of gunpowder. These were all drawn up in the battery, and a single shot from the fort would have blown them all up. I ordered them to be removed instantly behind the village; and this we completed without the enemy's firing one shot. I found, on inquiry, that the captain to whom the general's command was given, delivered his orders to his subaltern—the subaltern to the sergeant—the sergeant to the corporal—and so on to the poor stupid driver of the bullocks. I hope this circumstance may meet the eye of the young soldier, and teach him the absolute necessity of the strictest obedience to orders, and impress upon his mind that, whatever may be his rank, it does not place him above seeing things executed himself. Had those tum-

brells, through the neglect which had occurred, been blown up, many lives must have been destroyed, and the loss of the contents of the tumbrells would have obliged us to have raised the siege, and given the enemy time to fortify their fort. All this mischief would have fallen on him whose imperative duty it was to have seen the general's orders obeyed, and not to have entrusted their execution to others. Crimes out of number would have been framed against him: such as utter contempt of orders—pointed neglect of duty—wantonly destroying the lives of his soldiers, and the property of the government with which he had been entrusted. Nothing could have saved his commission; and, if the accident had happened, what could have soothed his feelings? As it was, the escape was quite providential; for scarcely had the last tumbrell got round the corner of the village, before the enemy commenced a heavy cannonade on the very spot from which the ammunition tumbrells had been removed. On my return towards camp I met the general riding towards the fort at speed, still imagining that something was

not right. When I reported to him the circumstances just described, he rode on and admonished the captain in most severe terms; but his heart was as humane as it was brave, and he soon pardoned the neglect and forgot all about it.

We then went round the other works, to see that everything was safe and in obedience to orders. In the mortar-battery, the general observed to the captain of the Artillery, that he thought the magazine was too close to the battery; but the officer explained the nature of its construction, which satisfied him of its security, and we rode home again.

We were in hopes of opening our breaching-guns on the following morning, for which purpose we all rode down to see them commence. The shelling-battery had commenced the day before, and did wonderful execution. The guns were loaded; the match was lit; when, on a sudden, our attention was drawn from the contemplation of this view to one of a less pleasant nature—an awful explosion in our mortar battery, the shells from which were ascending some few yards above the heads of the artillery-men, and then exploding. I

was immediately despatched to ascertain the cause of this unfortunate occurrence. I rode within a hundred and eighty yards of the fort, but I was not conscious that I was so near, till their balls roused me from my reverie. Something still kept blowing up in our mortar-battery, so that I had not time to go further round. I continued my course, therefore, as hard as my horse would go, till I arrived at the river. The crossing, at this part of the river, was completely commanded by three guns, which the goodnatured souls in the fort had laid for me when I should get in the middle of the said crossing. The water was about four feet deep; consequently, my progress was slow. The first shot went about twenty yards over me; the next fell short; but the third struck the water so close to me, that the spray covered both myself and my horse, and I was wet through. In this state I dismounted, keeping my horse between me and the fort, for I had still the worst part to go over. The moment they saw me dismount, there was a general shout from the bastion, conceiving that the last shot had killed me. This shouting and taunting

roused the indignation of the aid-de-camp, and, to check their mirth, he mounted again, and took off his hat and waved it in defiance of them. Upon this they sent three messengers at once, but not one came to me. Before I reached the battery the enemy were, naturally enough, very busy in availing themselves of the general panic caused by our mortar magazine having blown up. Near the battery, the first object that met my sight was a Native gunner literally skinned from head to foot, crying most piteously for a drink of water. Nearer the battery lay several European and Native soldiers dead. Every thing was in the greatest confusion, and consternation was on every countenance. The dreadful catastrophe happened in the following manner:—

Behind the mortars lay some hundreds of shells, ready loaded, to be used as they might be required; a shell, fired from one of the centre mortars, burst in the muzzle; the fuse recoiled and fell on the loaded shells: these exploded, and communicated with the magazine, which, at that moment, a person had entered for the purpose of bringing out some

requisite. The explosion blew up this poor man, the unfortunate Native gunner before spoken of. It was more than twenty paces between the magazine and the spot where this poor creature was found. In two days after he died. The melancholy event could not have been foreseen or prevented; but the consequences were serious,—sixteen men suffered, four of them Europeans. Three of the victims were lying in the battery, without their bodies having been even touched with gunpowder. They died from concussion of the brain. One European was blown some yards into the river, without the slightest injury. Conductor Glassop, of the Bengal Foot Artillery, a man of upwards of twenty stone, was standing amidst the shells when they blew up, and, strange to say, escaped uninjured. Circumstances like these are the inscrutable doings of Providence, and far beyond man's poor and narrow comprehension. At this time the general had himself arrived, and, having ascertained the cause of the sad catastrophe, could only add his moiety of commiseration for the poor sufferers. Blame could not be attached to any one. The af-

fair was one of the unavoidable accidents of war, which no human foresight could have guarded against or prevented.

The enemy, availing themselves of the calamity, rushed to that side of the fort in great numbers, and brought every moveable gun and matchlock to bear on the scene of woe. Having removed the dead and wounded to camp, we reloaded the whole of the mortars and howitzers in the two batteries, and levelled them at the multitude of people that had collected on the fort. They were fired in quick succession, when a general flight took place, and many of them ran their last race. Nearly sixty shells, with some few shots, were fired in a few minutes, and not a soul could for some time afterwards be seen at the same side of the fort, save some few bearing away the dead and the wounded. We then gave them three cheers, but they returned not the greeting.

At this moment our breaching-battery opened with a salvo, accompanied with three hearty cheers, which that side of the garrison returned. After this we went on coolly and systematically, and we re-

turned home again, visiting the several posts and batteries. In the evening the European soldiers were committed to the grave, followed by their comrades, who dropped a tear to their memory.

The following morning I went to breakfast with Captain Daggalier, of the old 13th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, in the large house occupied by our men, about five hundred yards from the fort. We were busily engaged up stairs securing a hearty meal, when a large three-pound shot found its way through the window of the room in which we sat, and passed under the table between my legs and those of Captain Daggalier. This convinced me that there is some advantage in having long legs. Mine were so excessively lanky, that I could only just screw them under the edge of the little camp-table, from which fact only I can still boast of having two legs. I need not say that the tea-things, breakfast, &c. were broken and upset. I joined another party, and, having finished my breakfast, I proceeded to meet the general, who had arrived to examine our approaches in this direction.

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CHAPTER IV.

HAVING been in attendance upon the general nearly the whole of the day, I dined with the major of the artillery. On my return home in the evening, after dark, I had to pass by the men's tents of his corps. When I passed the quarter-guard, I overheard the following conversation:—

"Come, Corporal Murphy, parade us one of your merry ditties, and countermarch our melancholy. Form a close column round our hearts, and we will form a solid square of joy, and sing sweet notes of victory. Come, we all seem as gloomy as a sentry-box on a wintry night, and look as dismal as half-pay drummers. Come, corporal, deary, put your lighted match to our charged bosoms and blow them up."

"On my conscience, sergeant," said the corporal, "I feel mighty queer, so I do; I am ill, and

have got a bad headache into the bargain. I was just thinking that, had that unlucky shot that hit me in the leg, but have hit me in the heart, I should have been mighty angry about it; but it's no use talking about these things, for if I had been kilt I should not have lived to grumble. Therefore, I ought to be perfectly satisfied with what I have got; only one cannot help thinking, when the recollection comes across one's mind, of the poor boys that lay yonder. But, after all, it's a great big consolation to a dead man to be buried at all; and the divil a word they say about it; therefore, why should we? Come, my lads, I will give you a few lines, though you have heard them often enough before.

"Bravo, corporal, bravo!"

Here the corporal, having discharged his quid and screwed his mouth into singing order, thus began:—

SONG.

It was on the sixth day of November
We met the gallant foe,
The day they well remember,
And long will live to woe.

Fifty thousand war-like men,
In battle's awful 'ray,
That victory thought to win
On that very day.

They three solid lines did form,
With guns of ponderous size;
The battle was fierce and warm,—
The bravest shut their eyes.

We had but one small band,
But those were often tried;
We faced them hand to hand,
And of victory would not be denied.

Our gallant Lake on Brown Hope did ride,
Who flew along the battle's plain;
It was that horse's pride
To see the foes of England slain.

Thus the song went on for about twenty verses, which I have no doubt I shall be readily excused for not inserting, although I am far from thinking that such compositions, contemptible as they may appear to the learned, deserve to be despised, if we consider their effect on soldiers' minds and spirits. The concluding stanza was hailed with tumultuous glee:

Then push the flowing can about,
Let notes of victory ring;
These are Britons' shouts,—
"Our country and our king!"

The song being concluded, one of the privates exclaimed,—"If agreeable to the company, I will give them a toast."

"By all means," said twenty voices at once.

"Well, brothers and comrades, may the memory of those poor fellows who fell in Old England's cause this morning ever live in our recollections, and in the dearer memory of their country."

This toast was drunk in silence, and a considerable pause ensued; but, at last, one of them said,—"Jack, if you don't want to set us all piping, you had better countermarch from that there subject; I would sooner storm the fort a hundred times than hear that story mentioned."

"So would I," said a son of Erin, "at any time; for whenever I think on it I am obliged to shut my eyes to avoid it; but, in spite of all my exertions, when my eyes are open I see it again. If the company are agreeable, I will give them a ditty in my own mother's tongue. It's all about love and murder, and such like fun."

"Agreed, agreed," said every voice, and the

song commenced in Irish, of which as I did not understand a syllable, I moved towards home, and, when in bed, I lay awake for some hours, thinking what extraordinary mortals soldiers are, and what strange materials it takes to form a man fit for all scenes and all services. I have often heard the most hardened warriors relate anecdotes of war with the most acute feelings, and I have seen tears of pity rolling down their weather-beaten cheeks; but, when in action, the same man could have passed those very objects which were the theme of his commiseration with the utmost apathy and indifference, the softer feelings of the heart being then usurped by those better adapted for the occasion; and wisely so, or we should have weeping instead of fighting soldiers. But, when his duty is done, and the individual can retire to the repose of his pillow, it is then that the more tender feelings resume their sway in the before obdurate bosom. If those feelings were permitted to intrude themselves into the soldier's bosom in the hour of battle, they would displace heroism, and numbers would be

pitying the enemy when they ought to be fighting them. There is a kind of heroism in the soul, which a soldier must nurse and cherish, and which, added to a love of his country's glory and honour, will at all times bear him through his perilous services. There is, also, unquestionably, a time when vent may be given to the softer feelings and sensibilities, and the heart may be permitted to melt into sweet sympathy. If a soldier has not these feelings, he deserves not the name of man. No man kills another from feeling pleasure in committing the act. It must ever be a painful sight to witness the writhings and dying pangs of an enemy,—headless bodies, gaping wounds, and gushing streams of blood, —the usual incidents of war; but the cherished conviction that our personal exertions are making for the love and well-being of our country, will bear us through all these scenes, and we are, for the moment, unconcerned amid such appalling sights, in the zealous struggle for our country's glory. But, when the battle is over, war, in all its terrific forms, stands before our imagination; and it is well that it is the case, in order that we should weigh and turn

such scenes in our minds, and thus be led to consider how grateful we ought to feel that we have been spared from the general carnage, and stand living monuments of mercy, again to unfurl our dear country's victorious banners, whenever she may call upon us. I have been often stung to the quick at hearing the characters of soldiers classed with the very dregs of the earth.

I have often heard people say, "Those wicked and profligate soldiers"—"He swears like a trooper"—"Drunk as a corporal"—"She, no doubt, has run off with some soldier fellow." These sweeping condemnations of a large class of men are as unfounded as they are cruel and unjust. I do maintain that there is no more vice among soldiers (if so much) than is to be found in the same class of people from whence those very men have sprung. Some twenty years ago, the army was composed of very different characters from those in it now. Then, every ship, hulk, and prison, was swept of the very dregs of the metropolis of England, to supply the army and navy. When the army could not manage or do anything with

them, they were sent on board a man-of-war. Many men that the lowest prisons of London would scarcely admit, found their way into the navy and army. Ten men of this description on board a ship would contaminate a fleet, and many mutinies have been traced to such vagabonds. Thanks to the late Royal Duke, this great evil, with thousands of others, has been long since eradicated in the army, which is now composed of more respectable men. Soldiers must now bring with them good characters, and references from their several parishes. In former days such was the baseness of some men, that I have known several in the army who have actually boasted that their characters were so bad, that prison doors had been closed against them in England. One man in the Foot Artillery of the Company's service boasted that he had taken seventy-two bounties in England. This vaunted infamy at last brought him to the gallows. He was hung in Calcutta, in the year 1814, after committing the most desperate outrages, for one of which he suffered an ignominious death, generally the ultimatum of hardened vice and depraved inclinations.

The bad effects of admitting such fellows into the service were obvious, and, consequently, they are now much more particular as to whom they take. A soldier certainly has not the same scope to indulge his vices as other men, even if so disposed. A mechanic, for instance, may spend whole days and nights in inebriety, and roll in public from one side of the street to the other; be absent from his starving family whole weeks together; and live in a state of filth, and blaspheme as much as he pleases; when a soldier would be liable to be punished for every one of these crimes. The soldier is under two kinds of laws, civil and military, and punishable by both; whereas the mechanic is only amenable to the former. Drunkenness in the army is visited on the offender with the greatest rigour and severity.

When I entered the army some thirty-three years ago, I can venture to affirm that, when the corps in which I enlisted was a thousand strong, there were not ten Bibles in the whole regiment; nor, indeed, was religion in those days thought a necessary ingredient in the bosom of a soldier.

Since that time, however, the Bible has been liberally distributed throughout the Navy and Army. The Indian Government have entered truly into the spirit of this desirable measure, and their munificence in the distribution of Bibles and religious libraries to European Regiments in India, deserves the theme of praise. Many a man will be by these means weaned from vice and crime, and saved from an ignominious death. In my long service in India, the two best and bravest soldiers I have ever seen were, unquestionably, the two most pious: one was a Catholic, and the other a dissenter. I have seen both these men in the most perilous situations, fearless, cool, zealous, and brave; and, amidst the most imminent dangers, their religious bosoms stood undisturbed, unshaken, and unmoved. The star of religious confidence beamed from their eyes, and their countenances were calm and serene. They were more merciful than most of their companions, and ever ready to sooth the brow of care, to wipe away the falling tear of despondency, and to stretch forth the hand of aid to their conquered enemy. On the other

hand, I have seen many instances of those who were devoid of religion, being callous and hardened, and prone to exult over a conquered foe, in the most ferocious manner. The former would, after having been protected and guided from imminent danger, return thanks and praises for that mercy which had saved him; while the other would exult in his own doings, crown his victory in the poisonous cup of inebriety, and rise from his sensual feast, a polluted and ungrateful man. May that blessed book flourish far and wide! May it be found in every soldier's knapsack and every sailor's chest! We shall then have better soldiers, better sailors, and less crime in both services.

Although it is but of late years that the education of soldiers and sailors has come under the consideration of the humane and benevolent, yet its strides are wonderful, and the enlightened world now begins to see the fallacy of supposing that, by instructing our brave soldiers and sailors, they would be less loyal, or less efficient in their services. That the divine mercy may shine upon the efforts of those who are working in this great field

of labour, and that their exertions may be crowned with glory, is the heart-felt wish and prayer of one who has seen its beneficial effects in the army.

The breached bastion was found to be a tough piece of masonry, extremely thick and well put together; so we pegged away at its foundation. At last some of the stones began to give warning that they were tired of the fun, and would not stand it any longer,—so down they came; and those on the top, wishing to show their attachment, soon followed, and, by the following day, the breach looked ascendable.

When I went down to the breaching-battery, I saw my old friend, the Irish sergeant, busy laying a gun. "Well, sergeant," said I, "what do you think of the breach?"

He replied, "The divel a better within a day's march."

"Do you think we shall get in, sergeant?"

"The divel a fear of that, for there is not a living soul but what our shells have kilt and destroyed, so that when you are in you will have

nothing to do but shoot the remainder, and take the place in a moment."

"I am afraid you are too sanguine, sergeant," said I.

"Not at all, your honour: you will not find ten living men in the whole fort that our shells have not destroyed. If you do, call Paddy Dogan a spalpeen."

"Well," I answered, "we shall see, sergeant."

"Fait!" said he, "that's more than they will; it would do their dead eyes good to take a peep at our brave boys getting up the breach."

Here was a general titter at the expense of poor Pat, and he exclaimed, "Fait! you may laugh, but it's no laughing matter; how would you like to be kilt yourselves? Answer me that question."

At the back of the breach stood the once splendid palace of its rightful owner, but now one general mass of ruins. The breach was reported practicable, and the storming ordered for the following morning, giving time to knock off all defences behind which the enemy could secrete and hide themselves so as to annoy the storming-party; but the Keele-

dar of the fort, seeing his haughty tower tumbling to the ground, his soldiers falling victims to our shells wherever they showed themselves, and that several fatal explosions had already occurred during the siege, began to think seriously of giving up the fort, rather than stand the storm. He had, indeed, lost a great number of his best men. A messenger was, therefore, despatched from the fort, stating that, if the general would permit them to march out with their arms and private property, they would give up the fort. The proposal stood on these grounds: their arms were not worth ten pounds, and the whole of their property consisted of what they stood in. Need there be a scruple in granting such a proposition? Was there anything dishonourable in meeting such a proposal, if only in mercy for human lives? Certainly not. The breach was a most difficult one, and there is no question that, if they had defended it, we should have lost fifty or more men; and it was by no means clear to me, or any man who knew what a breach was, that our success would have been at all a certain thing. Our brave and humane general agreed

at once to the terms proposed, much against the will of some of the Company's officers, who attempted to attach some degree of blame to his permitting them to march out with their arms. Our general, however, by his own nice judgment, and the advice of his staff-officers, some of whom had been years in the Company's army, overruled the opinions of the firebrand sub in search of promotion, and the following morning was appointed for their marching out. On viewing the garrison the next morning, it was found to consist of fifteen hundred fine men, well armed and equipped, so that we had no reason to regret that we had not wantonly sacrificed men's lives. The garrison had been originally two thousand strong, but was now reduced to about fifteen hundred, the others having been killed and wounded. When we marched down, the gates of the fort were closed, and the men had manned the ramparts. I was desired to inform them, that the time for giving the fort up had expired, and, if not at once complied with, the general must instantly order the storming-party to proceed, for which purpose they had been drawn up near

the breach. At last the gates were thrown open, and the Keeledar, at the head of his men, marched out in column, with a firm steady pace. He was a fine-looking man, and, indeed, so were all his soldiers. Their wounded men were brought out by their comrades on cots. These poor fellows we begged might be sent to our hospital, for the purpose of being dressed. On passing the general, the Keeledar saluted. The general coolly returned; they marched out, and we marched in. The inside of the gate was covered with dead bodies of men, horses, bullocks, &c.; many of the houses were torn up by the roots, and the smell was beyond anything dreadful. The palace had been torn to pieces, and under its gigantic pillars protruded legs and arms of men and women. The sight was truly horrifying, and I will hasten over it as fast as possible. In the centre of the fort was found the old Armenian governor, who had, during the siege, been confined in a cell, and almost starved to death. I never in my life saw such a picture of woe as this poor creature. He was about sixty years of age; his hair quite white. He

was the son of an Armenian, by a Native woman, and consequently of fair complexion, which his confinement caused to look cadaverous. You could almost have laid your finger in the furrows of his care-worn cheek, and his little black eyes were sunk deep into his head. He was permitted to join his family, which had been sent to a small village during the siege.

The fort presented one mass of desolation and poverty, the old garrison having taken care of everything of value before they sold it. I had been appointed, on this occasion, prize-agent for the staff of the army, and commenced my search. It was rumoured, that Jean Baptiste had in this fort secreted thirty lacks of rupees, which we were resolved to find, if possible. We dug up large pigs of lead, bars of iron, sheets of copper, pits of grain, vats of ghee (a kind of butter), but no money. If perseverance could discover this hidden treasure, we were resolved to find it. After digging above twenty feet, and working our way under the palace, we discovered a dungeon, or cell. Into this we descended, at the risk of tread-

ing on reptiles. From this dungeon, we traced several rooms or cells, no doubt formerly the prisons of some captive beauties, till they were reconciled to an illicit intercourse with their tyrants. Searching every hole, and digging in every corner, we came at last to a kind of wall, newly built up, through the top of which we could see a door. This wall and door we soon forced to obedience, and we entered a large room, recently cleaned and whitewashed. In the centre of this room was a trap-door, with a large lock. Our hearts beat high with expectation; but what was our surprise, when we found this tomb contained the body of some poor murdered person, who had been buried here! Thus ended our search, and the whole captured property sold for fifteen hundred rupees, which we were obliged to hand over to Scindia some time afterwards. Our next duty was to commit the dead to the earth. In the performance of this unpleasant task, I had to follow one of the Company's Artillery to his last home. Observing one of the funeral party lagging behind the rest, I asked him why he did not keep up.

He answered, that "He had had a great big fight with the deceased a short time before he went dead, and he did not think the man had forgiven him." "Poh! poh!" replied I, "the man cannot hurt you now he is dead." "Och, fait!" said he, "I beg your honour's pardon. I once knew a man, that was as dead as Barney Flynn's great grandmother, come to life; besides, the deceased said he would never rest, dead or no dead, till he gave me a great big bating, and I should not like to provoke him." "Do not talk such nonsense to me," said I. "Nonsense! your honour; it's no such thing, at all at all; he was a mighty cunning chap when alive, and who knows what he has learned since he went dead?" All I could say, I could not induce this man to approach, till the corpse was lowered into the grave, and that half filled, when he at last ventured to look in, and said, "Fait! I believe you are snug enough now, joy." "Throw in a piece of earth as a signal that you part friends," said one of the men; but Paddy quickly replied, "No, no; that would be striking the first blow," and he went away immediately, no

doubt full of apprehensions that he should some time or other receive a nocturnal visit from his comrade, who now slumbered in peace, secure in the cold grave from war's alarms. So much for superstition!

Having buried our dead, we left one regiment of Native Infantry till Scindia should send a more loyal garrison. We were afterwards given to understand, that his highness was not at all obliged to us for knocking his fort to pieces. We then turned towards home, and in a few days reached Saugar to rest our weary limbs.

CHAPTER V.

After the toils of war, and seeing no prospect of having anything more to do, I obtained permission to visit my wife at Cawnpore, some four hundred miles from Saugar. This was readily granted; I reached Cawnpore in the space of fourteen days; and, in the embraces of an affectionate wife, I forgot, for a time, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." I remained in Cawnpore about eight or ten days, and the place was at that time the seat of festivity and splendour. Dinners, balls, and routs, followed each other in quick succession, so that, at the end of the ten days, I was completely exhausted by dissipation. On the eleventh day, I again bent my way towards Saugar, to join the division. My affectionate little partner accompanied me some miles on the road, and would willingly have followed me to the field; but there

are scenes even on the line of march that must ever offend the eye of delicacy, and I have always condemned the folly of those wives who have followed their husbands to the field of battle. However ardent may be the affections of such wives, the very act attaches to them want of delicacy; but what will not woman do for the man she loves? She will even share with him the cup of dishonour, and linger in his sight a short moment ere he is plunged into eternity, to meet the offended laws of his country. Pity it is either that women love so much, or that men deserve their love so little! Dearly as I loved my wife, I could not expose her to the scenes incident to an Indian encampment.

Having bidden her farewell, I started at speed, that I might not see her again; yet I could not help stealing another last look, when I saw her head was still turned towards me. I would sooner go through the toils of a campaign than suffer the heaviness I always experience at parting with my family; but duty was my passport, and surmounted every difficulty and obstacle, and in thirteen days I reached Saugar; but, from being exposed to incessant rain,

and afterwards to the scorching sun, I had sown the seeds of a disease which nearly cost me my life, though it was some time before it burst forth.

It was supposed that the division of the army to which I was attached, would be continued at this station, for the purpose of watching the newly-conquered provinces of Saugar and Candish; so we began to build huts or asylums against the winter, and we agreed to send for our wives,—for what is man's life debarred the pleasure of female society? Men are little better than monsters without it. Wherever modest women are, there will always be a becoming decorum and decency; but men, when long estranged from their society, dwindle into gross habits; and the hilarity of an immodest song, and the cup of inebriety, form their pleasures, and the summit of their felicity. Our wives having been invited to join us, mine was the first to set the example; and, although the journey was attended with considerable danger, she reached me in four days, at the Fort of Hutta, whither I had proceeded to meet her. This personal risk, on her part, to join me, could not but gratify my feelings and increase

my love. In the course of a month, ten ladies had arrived, and the little station was the gayest of the gay. We generally met every day, either at dinner, ball, or supper, and our hearts were as light as our pockets.

While we were at this station, there was a large monkey that was a general nuisance, from the numerous robberies which he committed under the dark mantle of night. He would pounce into shops, and would run off with silks, satins, silver, gold, and indeed anything within his reach. On one of these excursions, having taken a fancy to a shawl, he rushed into the shop and grasped it; but the shawl being rather heavy and long, it retarded his progress, and the master of the shop seized him by the tail. He held fast, the monkey pulled; he called for help, the monkey screamed; he kicked, the monkey bit. At last the owner of the shawl seized the animal's tail with his grinders, and poor Jacko went off with his prize, but minus some six inches of his tail. By the blood they traced his steps to an old dilapidated mosque, where he was shot. Here were found the spoils of many a midnight ramble, and which many an honest neighbour laid under the

stigma of having stolen. Such was the power of this monkey, that he would have mastered many a man. These animals, in India, I think are very sagacious and cunning, being petted and fed by men, and frequently living in the houses of the Hindoos. I recollect a young man, a cadet, who was proceeding up the river, and was not accustomed to these creatures, incautiously shot one of the older gentlemen out of several whom he saw. Even amongst these animals age is honourable; they one and all sallied out upon him, and he took to his heels fast, throwing away his pouch, which was full of balls, shot, &c. These they seized, and still pursued him, until he parted with his shot-belt, and at last threw away his gun. As soon as they saw him unarmed, they bit him terribly, and he escaped merely with life. The boats to which he belonged were fortunately not far distant from him, and from these a party was formed, who sallied out against his pursuers. The first sight that presented itself was about a dozen hoary gentlemen examining the contents of the shot-belt and pouch. Seeing themselves overpowered, they wisely ran into the adjoining woods, taking with them the pouch and

shot-belt. The gun they declined having anything to do with. I would caution young men proceeding up the river, to steer clear of these artful and mischievous creatures.

In the midst of all our gayety our little division was again put in requisition, to proceed against the strong hill-fort of Asseerghur, some three hundred miles from Saugar. The monsoons or rains had commenced, and this sudden news distressed all the ladies exceedingly; but no faint-hearted husband shammed sick to remain behind. In two or three days we bade farewell to our fair spouses, and bent our way towards Asseerghur. The weather was intensely hot, so much so, that in a large double pool-tent, with tatties, or mats, suspended all round, made of grass, and continually kept wet, the glass stood, at midday, at 120 and 130, and, after a shower of rain, the earth was like a hotbed. Notwithstanding this, we were obliged to proceed by forced marches, to reach Asseerghur as soon as possible. Our force was not very large, but our battering-train was considerable. The country in the immediate vicinity of this fort is barren and desolate, infested with wild beasts of every description, and

many of our smaller cattle were carried away at night by them. The forces of the other two Presidencies, Madras and Bombay, had arrived before us, leaving a space for the Bengal division, and a most dreary and barren spot it was. The earth was dried and parched up, and nothing like vegetation could be seen except some prickly bushes. Not a leaf or blade of grass condescended to smile upon this spot. It was about a mile and a half from the fort, the gigantic sides of which seemed, even at this distance, to hang over us. They were really terrific even to look at, and how we were to ascend such a precipice would puzzle a wiser head than mine. We that morning breakfasted with Major-General Doveton, commanding the whole of the forces before Asseerghur; but, not having the least fancy to their insipid dried fish and meats, we saved our appetites for our Bengal luxuries, and made a hearty second breakfast on our return to our tents.

The fort had been the property of Scindia, who had agreed to cede it to the Company for some equivalent; but the governor had the impudence to refuse to obey the orders of his master and the summons of the company, and to fire on the troops of

both whenever they passed. This fellow trusted, no doubt, to the supposed impracticability of the fort, and therefore came to the resolution of keeping possession of it for himself. The great natural strength of this hill seemed to defy the combined power of the world. Human art and labour had also added to its strength. The idea of ever being able to ascend such a place seemed absurd and romantic, and to effect a breach would have been equally impracticable. To mine it was beyond the power of human skill. From its base to its summit was about two miles high, and, on a perpendicular rock, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, stood strong fortifications, with some very heavy cannon and ginjalls. In the centre stood their grand mosque, with its two sharp spires pricking holes in the clouds. At a considerable distance from this temple, was a large sheet of water, fed by a beautiful spring; and the troops could shelter themselves from our shells in excavated rocks. The fort was about two miles long, by three-quarters broad. On the south side was their cuttrah, or walled-town, and at the principal entrance above

the town innumerable underworks and bastions had been erected for its defence. When the sun shed his bright beams on its gigantic and variegated sides, it was truly beautiful. On the following morning I rose early to accompany the general, who commenced his inspection of the spots pointed out for our batteries. The top of the fort seemed entombed in the slumbering clouds, and it was some time before they dispersed. The position pointed out by the engineer, was upon a hill about two-thirds of the way up the ascent to the perpendicular rock, and then our guns were so elevated that we were obliged to sink the trail in the ground, and, having but little or no room to recoil, they were much injured, and we could do but little, if any, good, except by knocking off the defences. Indeed, success seemed out of the question, and the only prospect we could foresee was to shell them into obedience. Our shelling, therefore, went on systematically, and with great vigour.

One night, having dined with an officer of the Madras army, during the time that we were before this place, and partaken rather too freely of

the Tuscan grape, I started towards home on my favourite mare, whose speed not a horse in camp could equal, and lost my way. There was a considerable space between the camp where I dined and our own encampment, the lights of which I thought I was standing fair for; but, after riding a much greater distance than that between the two encampments, and being in a thick jungle infested with tigers, I began to reflect seriously on my situation, and for a moment I paused to consider, under such circumstances, what was best to be done. How short-sighted is mortal man! That brief moment had nearly been my last! I had laid the reins of my mare over her neck, when, in an instant, she gathered herself up, snorted, and wheeled right round. Fortunately for me, I seized the mane, and, in an instant after, I saw, squatted down and crouching to the ground, a huge tiger. To have run from him would have been inevitable destruction. I therefore wheeled my mare round, and pressed her on towards him, but she would not approach him. I had a pair of loaded pistols in my holster-pipes. One of these I drew out, resolving, however, not to

throw away my fire. While endeavouring to spur my mare on, and making all the noise I could, the ferocious animal slunk off, to the great joy of both my mare and myself, and I was not long before I reached my own tent.

I had some recollection of the place where this happened, as I always made a point of making myself acquainted with the localities of the encampment and its vicinity; so, early the following morning, I rode towards the spot, which was not far from the road, and where I found that the said tiger had feasted on a more delicious morsel,—a nice little ghinee, a small cow.

I would recommend to those who may chance to get into the vicinity of such bad neighbours, never to run from them, but, if sufficient courage can possibly be mustered, to run at them, or to stand and stare them full in the face. A captain in the Company's service once told me, when speaking of these savage beasts, that he was out shooting in some part near Loodiannah, alone, and he had just discharged his last barrel at some wild ducks, when a large tiger made his appearance. He had not time to load again, but, for a time, stood

his ground. He stared—the tiger grinned, but did not seem inclined to come to the scratch. This said captain, being a funny fellow, at last thought of a stratagem that was likely to put his grinning neighbour to flight, which was by turning his back to the animal, looking at him through his legs, and thus running off backwards. He positively declared that, the moment the tiger saw this strange metamorphosis, he took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant. I will not vouch for the verity of this tale, but I have heard, since my arrival in England, that the same trick was actually played on a savage mastiff belonging to a tan-yard, that would not permit a stranger near the premises, without tearing him to pieces, but the moment he saw this curious figure he took refuge in a drying-house, and for some time after, on the least noise, he would hide himself, thinking, no doubt, it was his friend with his head between his legs again. The reason on account of which I cannot take upon myself to vouch for the veracity of my friend the captain, is this: I once tiffed in company where this brave son of Mars was one of

the party. The conversation turned on the privations which soldiers and sailors are frequently called on to endure. Some of the company said that, in the course of their services, they had not tasted food for three days; some mentioned a longer period. I said I did not believe that the system could be sustained for more than seven days, if so long, without food or some kind of sustenance. The captain, however, thought otherwise; and, begging my pardon most politely, he protested that he had often, when in the West Indies, lived himself for weeks without food, and that once, for six months, he had nothing to eat but Cayenne pepper! This was likely to be a hot man in dispute, so we left him in possession of the field as well as of his story, and this is the reason why I would not take upon me to vouch for the authenticity of his tiger adventure.

A few days after we had commenced the siege against this strong fort, General Watson, commanding the Bengal division, came into my tent, and, by the smile on his countenance, I could see he was much pleased. At last he said, "Shipp, I

have got some good news for you, which I am sure will please you much." I replied, "General, good news is acceptable at all times; what is it?" "I have at last obtained permission," said the general, "to lead in person my own column to the storm; and I am sure you and Knollis will support me with your lives." I replied, "Whenever my duty calls me, sir, my life will be willingly risked in the service of my country." "I know it," said the general, "and, ere this day week, I hope to plant old England's banner higher on the tower of glory than it ever has been. This fortification is, I believe, the highest in the world, some fifteen hundred feet above the level of the plain." Some short time after this the fort was surrendered, and the gallant general, fortunately, still lives in the bosom of domestic bliss, in his native land. I say "fortunately," because, after the surrender of this strong and impregnable fortress, it was deemed, by one and all, that it was beyond the power of mortal ascent, and our beloved general must infallibly have fallen a victim to his zeal. Many deeds of high daring had marked the long and glorious

career of this respected officer. He had been in one corps (the 14th Regiment), as subaltern and commander, for the long period of three or four-and-thirty years, without being a day absent from his duty; and he was universally beloved for his urbanity and affability of manners. I should justly be accused of ingratitude did I not take this opportunity of returning him my most heartfelt thanks for his uniform generosity and disinterested friendship to me, displayed on numberless occasions.

After shelling almost incessantly for several days, a great number of the men in the fort were killed in going for water, which was about a hundred yards from their hiding-places, and these became so offensive that the garrison persuaded the Keeledar to give up the fort as a hopeless business. To this the Keeledar, who was a most dastardly coward, readily consented; for which purpose he despatched a messenger to say, that if we would cease shelling, he would come to some amicable arrangement. Our officers, foreseeing the total impossibility of our success, complied in some slight degree, stipulating that they would cease firing for a few

hours. This was calculated to impress the garrison with a conviction, that a further resistance on their part, in withholding the fort, would be only seeking their own destruction and imbruing their hands in their own blood, and that, as the English were now inclined to be merciful, under the supposition that the garrison had been seduced to disaffection by some artful rebel, it would be better for them at once to surrender. The message returned by our commanders was, that if they were sincere in their wish to give up the fort unconditionally, firing for the present, from the shelling-batteries only, would cease; and that, if the terms were not accepted, they would recommence with redoubled force. It was further agreed that one more parley would be attended to. The messenger departed, and orders were despatched to the shelling-batteries to cease till further orders.

Natives, speaking of the height of this place say, that "None but the crafty hawk, high lingering over his prey, or the morning lark, sweetly soaring and singing over its young, could ever see the inside of Asseerghur."

Some few days before our arrival, the cuttrah had been stormed and taken by a division of the Bombay army, under the command of Colonel Frazer, of the Royal Scots, but they found the detention of their little conquered town warm work, it being so completely commanded, that every street could be raked by the firing from the fort. Some part of the upper-works of the fort were within three hundred yards of the town. Our soldiers were obliged, therefore, to seek shelter in the temples and huts. If they had not had the opportunity of retiring to these places, the town would not have been tenable. Those who were obliged, in the course of duty, to run from one place to another, had, the moment they were observed, a hundred shots at them. The enemy, with some reason, conceived that this occupation of the town was but a preparatory step to an entry by escalade into their fort. They, therefore, had a strong party constantly on the look-out for the opportunity of destroying all whom they could attack, either by surprise or stratagem. Soldiers are prone to look about them, and many of them

will, in spite of all risks, go in search of plunder. Some of our troops, on this occasion, paid dearly for their disobedience of orders and violation of military laws. The principal post held by our troops in this town, was a large mosque or temple, of which the officers occupied one side, and the soldiers the other. One by one the men stole off in search of plunder. The enemy, having observed this, rushed on the remaining few, and the brave colonel was killed in defending himself against unequal numbers. On the return of these soldiers to their deserted post, what must have been their mortification and panic to find their brave colonel butchered, through their neglect and disobedience of all orders, and their poor wounded comrades, who but an hour before had shared with them in glory, weltering in their blood! What could have equalled their anguish, if their minds had not sunk below the ebb of feeling! Young soldiers, let this be a warning to you. It is but one instance, out of a great number within my own knowledge, of the fatal effects of breach of discipline. Whatever may be your prospect of gain, never be

seduced to leave your post. You are, by such a transgression, guilty of three prominent offences against the Articles of War: leaving your post before an enemy—death; abandoning your officer—death; plundering—death. There is scarcely a section in the Articles of War that does not touch this crime,

CHAPTER VI.

TEN o'clock came, but no messenger from the fort. A little time was given, and the shelling-batteries did not re-commence till nearly eleven o'clock; but, when they did, the top of the hill became one entire mass of smoke and fire, and thus it continued till the afternoon, when a messenger at length made his appearance, and informed the general, that the Keeledar would be down immediately, to ratify the treaty and give up the fort. For this purpose the shelling was again stopped, and at about two o'clock the Keeledar began to descend in a palanquin, with three or four followers. All the general and staff-officers in camp were directed to assemble for the purpose of meeting this rebellious chief. General Doveton's tent was the place of rendezvous. On the way to this tent, the people appointed to escort the Keeledar took

him through our park of artillery, where there were some fifty guns, besides those then in use. This Keeledar was a most unseemly-looking man; a great fat buffalo of a fellow, with enormous flitches of fat hanging over his hips. He was also excessively dirty in his person and dress, and looked as if he had just been turned out of an oil-shop. He entered the tent with all the impudence of a Nawab, chewing paun, and as though he was fully prepared to receive a welcome greeting. In this he was disappointed. He was desired to be seated, but his reception was cool and distant, and the knitted brow of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, the political agent for the Government, portended no very flattering entertainment. When the whole were seated, Sir John broke silence, by stating, "That the British army had no time to lose in unnecessary parley, and that, therefore, any argument of his would be waste of words, and unavailing, as nothing would suffice but the unconditional surrender of the fort to the troops of his government, and that he should, in his person, answer to his master, Scindia, for his rebellion and disloyalty."

Here the fat Keeledar began to gather himself up into speaking order, and at last mumbled out, that he was surprised that a person so well conversant with the Eastern customs and usages of war should propose such a thing as laying down their arms, as Sir John must know, that a rajahpoot would sooner suffer ten thousand deaths than be deprived of his arms. He concluded by protesting, that for him to attempt to enforce such a thing would be endangering his own life. Sir John replied, that he did well know the customs of the country, and the characters of rajahpoot soldiers; but the Keeledar must keep in view, that these were terms offered to rebels, whose heads were the just forfeit of their disobedience and rebellion, and that, therefore, if they persisted in their rebellion, he should not advise the government to mitigate the penalty a single jot, but to hang every one of them. This was pronounced with some degree of displeasure, and the man of fat, not doubting, in the least, that of course he was included in the number to be hanged, began to quake for fear. He turned

round, and reflected for some time, his eye fixed on the dark and displeased countenance of Sir John Malcolm. At last, he repeated, that he dared not propose such terms to the garrison; "But," added he, with the greatest effrontery and impudence, his villainy suddenly bursting forth, while he at the same time "grinned horribly a ghastly smile,"—"could you not *promise* them their arms and property, and, when they are fairly out, pounce upon them and take them from them?"

General Doveton, Sir John Malcolm, and half-a-dozen brigadiers, at this diabolical proposition, rose simultaneously, and I really thought Sir John would have jumped down the rascal's throat, or have cut him to pieces on the spot, as he warmly replied, "Rebel! what grounds have you for supposing that the English could ever stoop to commit such an act of infamy? Can you, or any Native of India, adduce single instance of our government's having ever acted so treacherous and cowardly a part? No, miscreant; were your fort ten thousand times as strong, and ten thousand times as high as it is, we will either take it or level it

with the plain. I cannot imagine how you have dared to make such an offer before these gentlemen. It would serve you right to cleave you to the ground for such an insult, and we can only treat such a proposition as arising from the baseness of your own heart. I desire that you will this moment return to your fort, and dare not again to insult this assembly with your vile propositions. Go and fight your fort, and we will soon force you to do what we now in pity offer. Go this moment, or I will give directions for the shelling to commence." Upon this the man of Lambertian breed began to shake in a frightful manner; but at last he said, "I am out of danger, and will keep so; I will not return to the fort to be killed." Sir John replied, "But you shall, if I am obliged to carry you on my back." One of the officers present, I think General Watson, observed, "Then, Sir John, you would indeed have a load of infamy on your shoulders, that you could not easily shake off."

The Keeledar, finding that he had gone his length, began now to smooth a little, and said,

that he would endeavour to induce the garrison to give up their arms, but that he dreaded the result. I caught his deep-sunk eye, which beamed forth the most malevolent malice and hatred. I could see an innate working of revenge in his soul; but he at last said, he would guarantee to give up the fort by ten o'clock the following day, upon the terms of unconditional surrender. To this he pledged his word, and offered to ratify the treaty under his hand and seal.

After much consultation, and apparent reluctance on our part, it was agreed that we would accept of the surrender, but with this proviso—that, if they did not march out by the hour agreed on, the negotiation should be considered as entirely closed, and that no further proposition would be listened to.

The Keeledar then left the tent in sore displeasure, and rolled into his palanquin. Sir John Malcolm was as good as his word, for he saw him to the very entrance of his fort. Multitudes assembled to meet their infamous and treacherous governor; but what could they possibly expect from such a man? If he would rebel against his

government, would he not deceive his garrison? A soldier doing the former is capable of committing any other crime, however enormous it may be. This fellow returned to his garrison and told them, that he had frightened the English to grant them their arms, their property, and everything they wished. Under these terms, the whole garrison actually marched out with their property, arms, &c., and rendezvoused under the hill, where we had a strong party ready to march in. They were in number about seven or eight hundred, poor half-starved-looking creatures, and some of them almost naked. Sir John, having severely admonished them for their rebellious conduct, desired them to ground their arms and property. The infamy of the Keeledar then came out; and, but for the interference of our troops, his men would have torn him to pieces. When he was asked if he had really held out those promises as from us, he laughinging replied, "I had no other method of getting them out, and I was not fool enough to remain in that fort to have my brains blown out. They are now in your power;

do what you please with them. I have done my part; now do your's." The Keeledar was immediately placed in confinement, and Sir John thus addressed the wretched-looking creatures who had constituted the garrison: "I have every reason to believe that you came out under the idea that you should keep your arms and little property, and with the understanding that this indulgence had been granted by the English. No such thing was ever promised by us, nor could a rebellious garrison expect such an indulgence from the government, when death alone was the penalty of such conduct; but, as you have been deceived, by your base Keeledar, into a belief that such terms were offered by us, and have surrendered the fort under this confident expectation, we will not enforce the terms insisted on through your treacherous Keeledar, but permit you to depart as you are. You may therefore go, and I would advise you to retire quietly to your homes, and there to make your peace with your justly-offended master, Scindia."

This party was escorted some miles from camp,

and the Keeledar was sent a prisoner to his master; but what became of him I never heard. There can be little doubt, however, that his refusing to give up this fort was by positive instructions received from Scindia himself, who was closely connected with the conspiracy formed against the British Government, during the Pindaree campaign; but the presence of the Marquis of Hastings, with the centre division of the grand army, under the very walls of his capital, kept that combined conspiracy from breaking forth.

From the tremendous height of this fort, the shelling at night was truly splendid and magnificent. I have seen ten and fifteen shells soaring in the air together, and, from the extreme height from which they were obliged to be thrown, they looked like falling stars. When they burst, the report below was like thunder.

Thus ended the campaign of 1818-19, and we had no occasion to complain of not having had the honour of storming the Fort of Asseerghur, as all the guns in the world could never have effected a breach. Where we did attempt a breach, our

twenty-four-pound balls only served to knock off little bits of the more prominent and projecting rocks, and to make the ascent more difficult and formidable, by removing the very pieces of rock by which we had a chance of ascent. The part which we attempted to breach was a kind of nook, which had the appearance of once having been a waterfall. I am confident, if we had battered at it till doomsday, we never could get up, and, even if we could, a dozen old women might have killed us every one by rolling down stones upon us. I therefore think it a most fortunate event that this fort was given up without being stormed, and I certainly may be considered as speaking feelingly on this subject, for, my gallant general having volunteered (being the oldest colonel in camp) to lead in his own column, it is not very probable that I should have left him alone to find his way to the breach. Often, when I viewed this spot, did I think—"Here ends my career;" and so strong was this impression on my mind, that I began to fix my eye on some little romantic spot where I should like to be interred, should I have here ended my days, for I was con-

vinced of the total impossibility of success. I began to arrange my papers, and had fully made up my mind to end my career, as I had commenced it, in the field of glory. But I had a wife;—ay, and a fond wife, too, which reflection much embittered the prospect before me. Had I been without this tie, it would have been my heart's first choice to have ended my days in the service of my country. When I say this, I am far from pretending that I had any particular wish to die; but, had it been my fate, I would, from choice, sooner have made my exit fighting for my country's liberty and glory, than on the downy bed; but Providence has ordered it otherwise.

In the afternoon we went to examine the fort, and every step I took more thoroughly convinced me of the utter impossibility of any earthly power ever taking it by storm. I was obliged to halt a dozen times in ascending, quite at my leisure, towards the grand entrance. By the time I reached the gate I was completely exhausted, and I was ten minutes in getting to the top. If we had stormed this place, it would, beyond question, have been the

grave of hundreds. On the walls were huge stones, piled up for our destruction, some of them weighing two or three hundred-weight, which a child might have pushed off. When once up, the eye extended along a considerable level plain, on which were fields, woods, and gardens. In the centre was a large tank of water, as clear as crystal, but purple streams of blood lingered on its margins and banks. Many dead bodies lay by the side of this tank. Some of them must have been shot in the very act of drinking. The stench was dreadful. Their sacred temple was contaminated and defiled with every kind of dirt and filth, and their gods wore marks of disfigurement from our shells. One had lost a head, but which, by the by, he could well spare, as he had a dozen. In one of the excavations of the rock was discovered a woman lying dead, with a dead infant in her arms. She was seated on a large stone, with her right side reclining on another rock or side of the excavation. Her left hand grasped the child round the body, and on her right reclined her head. The head of the infant, which I should suppose was about a year old, hung over her right knee. The

woman had not a bruise about her; but it was supposed she had fled there from those destructive instruments of death, the shells. Near her lay several dead and mutilated bodies, in a state of putrefaction. She was a young woman about twenty, and well dressed. On inquiry among the prisoners, we learned that her husband had been killed by one of our first shells, and thrown into the very hole near which she was found, but it was not known whether she had followed him there, or whether she died before him; for the soldiers were so panic-struck that they could not directly answer the most simple question. Behind the temple lay a headless trunk. We understood that this was the body of the head priest of the said temple; that he was boasting of his being proof against anything that could be hurled against him by his hated foe, and, as we were informed by a surviving mendicant, scarcely had the superstitious words escaped his mouth, than he fell, a headless body, to the ground. His head, we were told, was found some yards from the spot where he lay. We immediately went in search of it, and found it eleven paces from the

body, but not a human feature was left. The face was literally torn to pieces. To sketch the horrible scen s that presented themselves would fill a volume. I shall mention but one more: a shell had burst between a man's legs, and had literally split him up to the neck.

The large masses of congealed blood, seen at almost every step between the temple and tank, were convincing proofs that the loss of life must have been very great; but most of the dead bodies had been thrown over the walls, to find their way to the bottom of some excavated rock or tiger's den. The place altogether exhibited nothing but signs of poverty and distress, and they must have been, after the loss of the town, literally in a state of starvation. From this eminence the prospect was extensive and truly beautiful. The city of Borhanpore was plainly visible, and, although fourteen miles distant, such was the height of this place, that it seemed almost to hang over it. Men in the several encampments looked like babes. When the evening closed in, I found the atmosphere chilly and cold. This soon sent us down to the warmer regions

below, where the glass, at the cool of eve, stood at eighty-five, and sometimes at ninety. The height of the thermometer at that hour, when the evening breeze is cool and salubrious, was no doubt occasioned by the great heat absorbed by the earth during the day. In India, it is quite common to inhale the sweet and refreshing breeze of eve, when, under foot, the ground is like a hotbed. The soil here was a kind of glittering red sand, and in some places rocky; and we were not at all sorry that we were about to leave it.

The remarks which conclude this chapter are here inserted for no other reason than that they are as applicable in this as in any other part of the work.

It may be considered, under certain political circumstances, advisable to husband a nation's resources, and to appear to be unable to meet, or at the moment to check, any hostilities that may portend evil; but, where the sole object is to crush rebellion in its bud, or to chastise some refractory state for breach of treaty, every possible efficient means within the power of the injured government

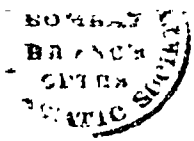
ought to be brought against the foe. Englishmen are but too apt to hold every other nation in utter contempt and derision, that presume to cope with them in the art of war, or, indeed, in any other science. From these delusive conclusions, more especially in the East Indies, some of the most disastrous results have occurred. Perhaps, in physical power, we may exceed most nations, in proportion to our numerical force; but we are still but novices in the stratagems and other arts incident to the great system of warfare. It behoves any government or state to nip rebellion in its bud, and to resist every breach of good faith ere it becomes formidable. This is best done by striking a resolute and determined blow at first. To incur a failure at the onset must ever encourage the mutineers, and their infectious rebellion will spread, in consequence of such a disaster, through a whole state, while a timely and effectual blow would have crushed it in its infancy. A decisive blow at the beginning will generally be found to save the lives of hundreds, and the property of the state; in addition to which, it teaches the mutineers that an efficient power is always ready to meet the

greatest exigencies of the times by the most resolute proceedings. It was well and judiciously decided, therefore, that, against such a fort as Asseerghur, a large force was required for its reduction, in consequence of which not less than thirty thousand men were encamped before that place. We must now keep in mind the number of years that we have had India, during which period we have been, day by day, teaching them the systematic art of war. Instead of a mob, as some babblers have been pleased to term the Natives of India, they are, on the contrary, a martial and brave race of people, inured to war, and now fighting their foes on principles of system. We must, therefore, proceed with open eyes, and not think so little of enemies that may arise to us in the East, as time has taught us, by woful experience, that they are not inferior to many nations of Europe, if not in an eminent degree superior. To those who are unacquainted with our political situation in the East Indies, it will appear extraordinary that we should repose so much confidence as we do in the Natives of that country to support our power and fight our battles, against not

only their own countrymen, but even their own particular caste. It will appear still more strange that the Indian potentates, with all their cunning political stratagems, and sectarian influence, should not be able to employ them with equal efficacy against us. But, to those who have served in that country, the reason is obvious. Our Native troops are indebted for consequence to a rigid discipline, enforced with humanity, and instilled into their minds with parental admonitions. They are regularly paid and clothed, and protected in their religious rites; and, from the urbanity and complacency of manners of their European officers, they place on them their affections and confidence, by uniting with them for the general peace and welfare of the country. On the other hand, those soldiers who enlist in the service of Native powers, are promised pay, it is true, but they are promised only. They are kept under no discipline, are allowed to live in debauchery and in sensual pleasures, and can either fight or not, as the whim happens to take them.

Having now brought to a close my account of the campaigns in which I was personally engaged, an

opportunity presents itself of redeeming the pledge given in my prospectus, of laying before the public my opinion of the tendency of CORPORAL PUNISHMENT in the army. I shall avail myself of the next chapter for this purpose.



CHAPTER VI.

Had I not, as I presume to think I have, a most perfect knowledge of the evil tendency of flogging soldiers, I should not venture to offer my remarks on a system, the abolition of which has been advocated in Parliament, with all the power which reason and humanity can impart to eloquence. But my sentiments against this mode of punishment arise from a long-continued observation of its pernicious and dangerous effects; and my utter aversion to it, from a cordial sympathy with the oppressed, and an ardent admiration of the brave.

During the first eight years of my military career, it was my painful duty to inflict, some three times a week, the punishment which I so heartily deprecate. At that early period I felt a profound disgust at being made the unwilling instrument of the torture which is thought essential to the support

and promotion of discipline; and, even then, from my necessarily superficial and imperfect notice of the general effect of corporal punishment, I entertained doubts as to its efficiency in producing the desired end; and subsequent occurrences and considerations have confirmed those doubts into a decided and permanent opinion.

It is, as I think, quite demonstrable, notwithstanding all that has been advanced by persons of a different opinion, that those who are illiterate and ignorant are very sensitive of oppression and alive to wrong; I hesitate not to say, more susceptible than those who are better informed. The capacities of the former will not permit them to view the punishment under which they suffer in connexion with the cause by which it is produced; they are only sensible of the cruelty of the effect; and thus, irritated by the infliction of a supposed wrong, they yield reason to the impulse of the moment, and consider themselves deeply injured when they only receive the punishment of offence. On the other hand, those who are possessed of more knowledge and judgment would compare the

turpitude of the offence with the severity of the punishment, and thence reflect whether they had received the award of justice, or endured the insult of tyranny. Each of such persons would act according to his respective conclusions; and their feelings, on such an occasion would be consonant with, or considerably modified by, their measure of candour and reason. Whether this position be probably valid, or certainly fallacious, my readers themselves must infer; but, if admitted to be tenable, it must be allowed, also, that no good results can be expected from a punishment which is, in general, outrageously disproportioned to the offence, and which, independently of its cruelty, has a certain tendency to degrade the feelings and to harden the heart.

It is some consolation to me to be able to say that my present views are not induced by the remembrance of any castigation under which I have personally suffered; but, from practical observation of its effect on others, I can most solemnly affirm that, in my opinion, flogging is, and always will be, the best, quickest, and most certain method that

can be devised, to eradicate from the bosom of a British soldier his most loyal and laudable feelings. During the whole of my career, which included a period of upwards of thirty years, and the length and nature of which afforded me opportunities for extensive inquiry and accurate information, I never knew but one solitary instance in which a man, who had been tortured and degraded by the punishment which is the subject of my remarks, recovered self-respect and general reputation. This isolated case was as follows:

When I was regimental sergeant-major in the Light Dragoons, the regiment was one evening paraded for the purpose of seeing punishment inflicted. The delinquent was a private soldier, who had on previous occasions received, altogether, some thousand lashes. Since his first flogging, his name had been constantly in the guard reports, and he had scarcely ever done a day's duty. His offence, on this occasion, was being drunk on guard, and his sentence was three hundred lashes. The court-martial was read, and even before it was finished he began

to undress, with apparent indifference and sullen apathy. He knew the heinousness of his crime, and he was well aware of its certain consequences. When he was tied up, his naked back presented so appalling and frightful a spectacle, that his kind-hearted commanding-officer, on viewing it, turned his head instinctively from the sight, and stood absorbed in thought, with his eyes in another direction, as though reluctant to look on it again. Thus stood the commanding-officer until the adjutant informed him that all was ready. These words roused the colonel from his motionless position, and he started when the adjutant addressed him. I can well imagine the struggle between duty and mercy, by which his benevolent heart was assailed; but the latter was always his motto, and, thus kindly predisposed, he walked slowly up towards the prisoner, and viewed more closely his lacerated back, on which were visible large lumps of thick and callous flesh, and weals which were distressing to behold. The colonel viewed his back for some seconds unknown to the delinquent, and when he at length turned round

(more from surprise that the flogging did not commence than from any other motive) his commanding-officer addressed him in the following words: "C——, you are now tied up to receive the just reward of your total disregard and defiance of all order and discipline. Your back presents an awful spectacle to your surrounding comrades, and for my own part I would willingly withdraw it from their sight; but I fear your heart is as hard as your back, and that I have no alternative but to see that justice administered which the service requires. What possible benefit can you expect to derive from this continual disobedience of orders, and disregard of the regulations of the service?" Thus addressed, in a mingled tone of benignity and firmness, the poor fellow seemed touched, and he wept bitterly. For a time he could say nothing, but at last he exclaimed, "I wish to God I was dead, and out of your way. I am an unfortunate fellow; and I hope this flogging may be my last, and put me beyond the reach of that cursed and vile liquor, which has been my ruin." The colonel, and the whole regiment, were

now much affected, and many of the soldiers turned their heads to hide their emotion. Seeing this, the colonel called the attention of the offender to the commiseration of his comrades. The unhappy man looked round as he was directed, and seemed much distressed. The colonel then said, "I cannot bear to see your brother soldiers so much affected for you without removing the cause. Your sentence, therefore, for their sakes, I will remit; and, instead of the chastisement which has been awarded you, and which you so well deserve, if you will pledge yourself to me, in the presence of your commiserating comrades, that you will behave well in future, I will not only pardon you, but promise, when your conduct shall merit it, to promote you to the rank of corporal." The astonished culprit called upon his comrades to bear witness to his words, while, in a most solemn manner, he protested his firm resolution to amend. A short time after, this man was promoted, and he proved one of the best non-commissioned officers in the service. The unlooked-for mercy which had been extended towards him,

and the totally unexpected turn which the affair had taken, raised the feelings of his heart far above the level to which disgrace had before plunged them, and every exertion was made by him to merit the kind consideration with which he had been distinguished. This man would often speak to me, on this happy event of his life, with feelings of ineffable pleasure.

Here, then, is a signal instance of the good effects of well-timed leniency. The commanding-officer, in this case, unable to repress the impulses of humanity, would not permit the sentence to be executed, but pardoned the man, adding to the forgiveness of his present offence, a promise that promotion should be the certain reward of his future good conduct. This treatment, as we have seen, had the desired effect. The man's contrition and good feelings, were aroused from the torpor into which they had been plunged by frequent and unrelenting severity; there was an appeal made to his gratitude and rationality; he felt that he was regarded as a being that possessed some of

the distinguished powers and sympathies of human nature; and his restoration to order and respectability was suitably evinced, by his subsequent good behaviour, and elevation. And what, let me ask the advocates of coercion, was the cause of this? — The poor fellow had received coercion in the right place—the heart. His back might have been mangled, by the detestable instrument of barbarous punishment, till the power of endurance was destroyed; but no such good effects as were the consequences of the contrary treatment would have been elicited. Sentence might have followed upon sentence; and the unhappy sufferer would have sunk at last into the welcome tomb, contemned, perhaps, by the ignorant and unthinking, overpowered by the acute goadings of self-reproach, and breathing forth curses of hatred against those whom he supposed to be his persecutors. But, towards the individual to whom I allude, the officer displayed a judicious kindness, which penetrated the hitherto impregnable fortress of the heart, and made him willingly surrender

at the discretion of his merciful conqueror. Would that many such instances could be discovered,—even by the most laborious research!

Having adduced a remarkable instance of the beneficial effects of mercy, I proceed to cite a few cases, out of at least a hundred which came under my own notice, of the baneful effects of severity, and the inefficiency of corporal punishment in conducing to the discipline required.

I recollect seeing a man once tied up without a murmur, and who appeared quite indifferent to his fate. When the drummer was ordered to commence, he accidentally struck the delinquent over the neck, who bellowed out to the commanding-officer, "Pray, your honour, will you be so mighty kind as to inform me, if I am to receive my punishment on my back, or on the back of my neck?" The next blow was over the face, when he again exclaimed, "Bad luck to you, M'Kale, do you want to murder me?" For this want of skill, the drum-major laid his rattan over the drummer's back, at which the delinquent laughed aloud, saying, "By the powers, but you have caught it!"

This hardened wretch, after having received his three hundred lashes, said, on passing the commanding-officer, "The divel a day's duty will you ever get out of Paddy again; you have done for him." Thus saying, he snapped his fingers as he retired from the square.

Another man, an old offender, who had been frequently punished before, was ordered to strip to receive another flagellation. This fellow, however, would not at first take off his clothes, and, consequently, coercive measures were resorted to; but such was this man's power, that he defied the united efforts of numbers, until he at last exclaimed, "Now, if you will only be shivil, I will do it myself without any help." He then stripped, and received his quantum of punishment without moving a muscle, and, when taken down, he said to the colonel, "Colonel, honey' if you will give me six drams of liquor, I will take six hundred lashes more." To such a pitch of degradation was this poor creature reduced, that he would expose his lacerated back to his comrades, and prided him-

self exceedingly on the number of lashes he had received.

On my return home one evening, after having attended the funeral of a soldier belonging to my own company, I got into conversation with the sergeant relative to the deceased. The sergeant, who was quite an illiterate man, said, "The people in the hospital say he died of an in*for*mation in his side, but he *knowed* the real cause of his death. That ere man never did no good since the time he was flogged for being drunk 'fore guard. He knowed the man well; he was a fine high-spirited youth. Bless you, sir! before his punishment there was not a smarter or finer-looking soldier in the King's army; but, after he was flogged, he never did no more good; but became a dirty slovenly fellow, and was never sober if he had the means of getting liquor. I have heard him declare, that his heart was broken, and that, if liquor did not soon close his miserable life, he would take some more speedy means." This last desperate alternative was never necessary, for he died of drunkenness ere he had attained the age

of twenty-six, adding to the long catalogue of those whose buoyant spirits could not brook the degradation of the cat.

When I was orderly-officer of the main-guard at Cawnpore, several men were condemned to be punished. Among the rest was a youth not more than twenty years of age. The morning on which the punishment was to be inflicted, I visited the prisoners early, and such was the change observable in this poor young fellow, from reflecting during the night on his approaching degradation, that he looked like one whose constitution had, in a few hours, undergone all the diseases incident to the country. His eyes were glassy and inexpressive, his cheeks sunk, and his deportment stooping and loose. Altogether he looked the very picture of woe, and his extreme dejection was so obvious, that I could not refrain from asking him if he was unwell. "No," replied he, "but I am one of those who are to be flogged this morning," and he wept bitterly. "Come, come," said I, (and it was as much as I dared to say), "keep up

your spirits; your extreme youth, and the fact that this is the first time you have been brought to a court-martial, may probably obtain your pardon." He shook his head, but said nothing in reply. I regret to be obliged to add, that this poor fellow received a hundred and fifty lashes; and, from the day that he was flogged until the period of his death, I can venture to assert that he was never two hours sober. He sold all his own things to purchase liquor, and then stole those of others; and at last died in the hospital from drunkenness.

The following is a melancholy instance, of the same character as the foregoing, in which it is my painful duty to attest the utter ruin of another promising young soldier, by the odious system the existence of which I deplore. Two men were brought to court-martial. The one was an old and hardened offender, whose offence was being drunk on guard, and who was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes; the other, a youth, who, for his first offence, absenting himself from evening parade, was condemned to one hundred

lashes. The former was admonished by his commanding-officer, his corporal punishment remitted, and his sentence commuted to fourteen days' solitary confinement. This proposal, however, the hardened delinquent rejected with indignation, protesting that he would rather take fourteen hundred lashes, than suffer fourteen days' solitary confinement in the black-hole. He accordingly received his punishment, without moving a muscle, and afterwards, on leaving the square, strutted off, muttering something like, "D—d hoax," or "fudge." The conduct of this depraved fellow nettled the commanding-officer, and he ordered the youth to strip, and receive his punishment. The poor fellow threw himself on his knees, and implored forgiveness in the most earnest and pathetic manner, or that, in preference to the degradation of flogging, his punishment might be commuted to solitary confinement, if even for six months. But, no; the officer was irritated, and the unhappy youth received every lash, after which he left the square sobbing most piteously. During the infliction of the punishment, many a tear did I see that morn-

ing stealing down the cheeks of the commiserating comrades of this ill-fated youth, for they well knew that his prospects as a soldier were irretrievably blighted. From this time forth, day after day, and week after week, might this sad victim of "discipline" be seen prowling about (when not in the guard-room for subsequent misconduct, which after this event was constantly the case), with a dejected and care-worn countenance, pensive and gloomy, as though he had lost some dear relative, or rather, perhaps, as though he had committed an act on account of which he dared not look an honest man in the face. The disgrace he had endured had sunk deep into his heart; a leprosy pervaded his mind; and, in despair, he sought consolation from drink, which soon brought to a termination both his troubles and his life.

One wintry morn, when the bleak wind whistled along the ranks of a regiment paraded to see corporal punishmet inflicted, every eye was turned in pity towards the delinquent, until the commanding-officer, with Stentorian lungs, pronounced the awful words, "Strip, sir." The morning was

bitter cold; the black clouds rolled along in quick succession; and the weather altogether was such, that the mere exposure of a man's naked body was of itself a severe punishment. The crime of this man was repeated drunkenness, of which he had, undoubtedly, been guilty; but what was the cause of this constant inebriety? Let us trace the evil to its source. It was the sad recollection of his former disgrace by flogging, to which the course of intoxication that he now pursued might justly have been attributed. When the offender was tied, or rather hung, up by the hands, his back, from intense cold and the effects of previous floggings, exhibited a complete blue and black appearance. On the first lash the blood spirted out some yards, and, after he had received fifty, his back, from the neck to the waist, was one continued stream of blood. The sufferer flinched not a jot, neither did he utter a single murmur, but bore the whole of his punishment with a degree of indifference bordering upon insensibility, chewing, all the while, what I was afterwards informed was a piece of lead or a bullet. When the poor

fellow was taken down, he staggered and fell to the ground. His legs and arms, owing to the intense cold and the long period they had remained in one position, still continued distended, and he was obliged to be conveyed to the hospital in a dooly, a kind of palanquin in which sick soldiers are carried. This unfortunate creature shortly afterwards shot himself in his barrack-room, in a sad state of intoxication, and was borne to his solitary pit, and hurled in like a dog. No inquiries were made as to the causes to which this rash act might have been assigned. If any such investigation had been deemed requisite, ample attestations might have been produced, from which it would have appeared that this poor wretch had scarcely ever looked up from the date of his first flogging; that his prospects as a soldier had been utterly destroyed; and that his degradation had been so acutely felt by him, as to paralyze his best efforts towards amendment, and at length to sink him into a state of worthlessness and despair.

I come now to a case which I have good cause to remember with feelings of intense pain, as the

poor sufferer had exhibited much kindness to me on numerous occasions. When I was at the Cape, in 1789 or 1790 (I forget which), a sergeant in the regiment in which I served was sentenced to be reduced to the ranks, and to receive one hundred lashes. This man was, I think, one of the finest soldiers I ever saw: in his manners, firm, but respectful and unassuming; in his principles, strict and honest; and in his person, handsome and commanding. He had been pay-sergeant for many years in the regiment, and a kind friend to me. In pursuance of his sentence, the stripes which distinguished him as sergeant were torn from his brave arm, and trampled in the dust; and, when he was ordered to strip, the most intense silence prevailed throughout the ranks, and every heart beat high with the fear that forgiveness was now hopeless. The result was looked for with breathless anxiety, and probably it was expected that the offender would have pleaded something in extenuation of his fault; but to an ardent love which this man entertained for his profession, was added a manly pride, which pro-

bably restrained him from begging publicly for pardon. Certain it is, however, that he did not utter a word. The command "Go on" was given, and a half-suppressed groan of horror was audible throughout the square. The savage infliction commenced; but scarcely had he received five lashes, when his affectionate wife rushed through the square, and threw herself between him and the drummer. The half-frantic woman was dragged forcibly from the spot, and her husband received every lash to which he had been condemned! From this moment he never looked up afterwards, but soon sunk into the grave, leaving a wife and child.

In the experimental corps in which I commenced my military career, I recollect two boys being sentenced to be flogged for desertion. They were brothers, and the elder was not more than thirteen years of age. They had deserted together, and probably intended to have gone home again, not much relishing their new mode of life. The elder boy was tied up first, and, having received about six dozen lashes, he was ordered down, and it

became the turn of his younger brother to occupy his place. Afflicted by the idea of what his poor little brother was about to suffer, the senior boy begged, in the most earnest manner, that he might be permitted to take his brother's punishment, protesting, most solemnly, that he was the sole cause of his desertion. When this was refused, and the younger one was ordered to strip, the shrieks of the two rent the air. They flew into each other's arms, and clung together in the sweet embrace of fraternal affection; and, when they were torn asunder, the tear of pity started to the eyes of all around. The little fellow received every lash to which he had been sentenced; and in little more than a year after this, there were not two greater reprobates or vagabonds in the whole corps. The elder boy soon died. Of the fate of the younger, I cannot speak with certainty; but I think he was found drowned in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope.

One morning, I attended parade, when a wretched-looking half-dead young lad was tied up for flogging; but the doctor reported him unfit to receive

his punishment, as the wounds on his back, received in a former flagellation, were not healed. He was taken down and sent to the hospital, and in one week after I followed him to his grave! Whether the poor fellow's death was to be attributed to the punishment he had suffered, or to the effect of that punishment on his mind, and consequently on his frame, I cannot take upon myself to pronounce; but I fear that it must be assigned to one or other of these causes.

I one day attended the hospital as orderly-officer, and when I asked, as was my duty, if there were any complaints, a man with a dejected and maniac visage, bellowed out, "Yes, I have a complaint to make, that neither you nor the King of England can remedy." I asked him, in the kindest manner, what it was. He laughed most terrifically, and said, "Don't you know that I have been flogged for being drunk for parade,—one hour's neglect of duty." I replied, that I was sorry for it, when he rejoined, "So am I most heartily, and the service will lose an old and faithful soldier by it." A short time after this, the poor fellow was found drowned,

but whether this proceeded from intention or from a fit of inebriety, no trace was left us to judge, and, as there are no coroner's inquests in the upper provinces of India, the event was buried with the man; but I should imagine, from his frantic manner to me, and the sort of threat which accompanied it, that it was desperation that had wrought this dreadful catastrophe.

The instances which I have now laid before the reader, in proof of the evil effects of flogging soldiers, will, perhaps, find their way to the heart, sooner than all the arguments that can be urged against this barbarous mode of punishment. That the castigation is cruel and agonizing, those who have ever witnessed its infliction cannot doubt; yet it is not, as I think, the bodily anguish, though intense and excruciating, to which the bad results which ever follow the enforcement of this savage system of discipline are to be assigned. In the lacerated back, the wound is deep; but in the disgraced bosom, deeper. The rent and bruised flesh will heal, and the corporal pain will subside; but what can repair the broken spirit? who can

administer to the wounded heart? I hesitate not to say, that I consider it monstrous to suppose, that any man possessed of the ordinary sensibilities of nature, or whose character is in the slightest degree tinctured with a becoming pride and self-respect, can be reformed by a system of coercion and degradation; and I will even go so far as to assert my conviction, that many men, of the most profligate and hardened disposition, from whose minds all the torture which military law can inflict would not turn the current of vice, might, by an opposite treatment, be weaned from their ways of depravity, and diverted into the paths of duty by a single act of well-timed leniency. The attempt, however, as far as I can speak, has been so seldom made, that it would be difficult to find proofs to evidence the truth of such a position.

The grand objects which are sought when an offender is punished, I take to be two: first, to effect a reform in the conduct of the culprit himself; and, secondly, to deter others from the commission of the same crime. That the latter object is not in some degree attained by the cruelty of

the flogging system, it were absurd to deny. The degrading spectacle of a poor fellow being tied up for some trivial offence, to have his naked back scarified with an instrument of torture, must be allowed to be a sight so revolting as to affright others. But the system is not to be vindicated on these grounds; or the practice of hanging a man for laughing at an improper time, might be justified on the same principle. With respect to the other view with which punishment is inflicted,—the amendment of the delinquent,—the system of flogging is not only wholly inefficacious for this desirable purpose, but has, in at least ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a tendency directly the reverse.

Those who still argue against the abolition of corporal punishment, urge, as the fundamental ground-work of their reasoning, that flogging is better than resorting to the more rigorous penalties of the law, by shooting soldiers, which many of the crimes incident to the profession would render necessary, if flogging were not allowed. I am willing to grant, without dispute, that, where

an individual has justly incurred the penalty of death, the commutation of that dreadful sentence to corporal punishment may, in such a case, be deemed a mercy.' But, admitting this, what earthly benefit does the service derive from such an alternative? The individual punished by flogging is dead to a sense of his duty after such debasement; and will ever be found a burden upon his country, and a bitter pest upon his corps. The civil law provides for such offenders by sending them for life from their native country; but the flogged soldier is permitted, disgraced as he is, to remain in his regiment, to commit more crime, with the certainty that he has imbibed an utter hatred of his profession. An obdurate and disobedient soldier who sets all order and military discipline at defiance, ought to be driven from the army, and obliged to wear some mark, upon his person, of his discardment. This, hanging over the heads of soldiers (I mean, of course, as the last extremity), would effect infinitely more than all the chastisement that can be inflicted upon their bodies. It would also be the means of preventing men of

bad character from again creeping into either the army or the navy. 'I am fully persuaded, from my long experience, that flogging will never urge men to reformation; for I have ever observed that it causes increased disobedience and discontent, and at last drives them to acts of sad desperation. Some of the vehement advocates for the cat also argue (but I think fallaciously) that the minds of common soldiers are, from their early habits of life, barren and uncultivated, and hence more callous, and not so susceptible of the tenderer and nicer feelings as those of the more enlightened. This is not quite so obvious to me, who have lived with them both boy and man. I would ask those who are enemies to the abolition of corporal punishment, a few simple questions: Have they served in the ranks, and mixed and lived in social friendship with the private soldiers of our country? Have they ever sat at the bedside of a flogged man, and witnessed the agony of his heart and the distraction of his mind? Have they ever heard the unintimidated and unbiassed opinion of the soldiers in their barrack-rooms respecting the

ignominious lash? If not, they are but half-competent judges on this great question. If this great promoter of discipline is so requisite to practise, and so efficient in checking the most turbulent soldiers, how is it that some men who have been once flogged, fall under the lash almost every week afterwards? Why can French soldiers be governed without resorting to similar punishments? The advocates of the flogging system may perhaps say, "Because they have a higher sense of honour, nicer feelings, more pride," &c. Granted, that they are superior in all these respects, and the question follows, *Why should they be?* The answer is palpable—this degrading system is not practised among them; it is this very system that is the stumbling-block in our army. The French liberal system of discipline encourages the young aspirant, and infuses into the minds of the soldiers that they are a people far above the common peasantry. Abrogate the cruel and impolitic law which subjects our brave fellows to the ignominy of the lash, and which, in numberless instances, crushes the best feelings of the man ere they are

allowed to bud, and then it will be seen that the notion that British soldiers are not as high-minded and honourable as those of France or any other country, is as futile as that the protectors of Albion cannot be governed without the aid of such means as place them upon a level with the veriest miscreants in a gaol!

Another ground on which flogging must be reprobated is, that its infliction depends greatly on the disposition or caprice of the commanding-officer. The man, it is true, is brought to a court-martial; but this, also, is at the discretion of the commanding-officer; and that tribunal will frequently sentence the offender to a certain number of lashes, to be inflicted "in such manner as the commanding-officer shall think fit."

Let the returns of each regiment be called for, for any given year, and it will be found that, in some corps, not a man has been flogged, and in others fifty, and perhaps more. How is this to be accounted for? The thing is obvious and clear: it cannot rest so much with the men, for they will be found pretty much alike in all corps; it will depend

entirely on the dispositions of the commanders. If an officer be of a tyrannical disposition, or an ungovernable temper, the cat will be found in frequent use in the regiment under his command. If the commander be a man of humanity, and possess a heart of kindness, he will admonish, advise, encourage, and endeavour to infuse into the minds of youth a kind of parental love and affection. In the regiment where mercy reigns, discipline, order, harmony, and peace of mind will be found; but, in the regiment where rigid flogging is practised, discontent, disorder, and a great deal of bad feeling towards the officers are sure to prevail.

We see despotic masters who would, in their rage, cut their servants to pieces; but there is a law that restrains their tyrannic lash, and they know the penalty attached to such a breach of the laws. It should be recollected that the despotic commanding-officer has no penalty of this kind to keep his irritability under subjection.

Among the other abuses of which the flogging system is susceptible, one may be mentioned, which, in my opinion, deserves severe reprobation. It is,

I believe, but of late years, that the practice to which I allude has crept into the service; but I am informed that it has actually become, in some regiments, an established rule. It consists in giving a soldier who has fallen under the displeasure of his commanding-officer, the choice, either to receive a certain number of lashes—say fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, as the case may be, or to abide the decision of a court-martial. I hesitate not to state, that I have myself been ordered by the commanding-officer of a regiment in which I served, to give soldiers who had offended the option of submitting to receive a stipulated number of lashes, or of standing the chance of the award of a court-martial. As far as my personal experience goes, I should be inclined to say, that the number of lashes fixed by the commander would be generally accepted by the offender in preference to risking the sentence of the court. Most men would be inclined to look upon the prescribed amount of lashes as a mitigation of punishment, and to receive them accordingly; but it is not, of course, because the men approve of such an expedient, that the custom

is to be vindicated; nor is the commander justifiable, even if he resort to it from the best motives. The practice, as it appears to me, can only be attributed to three motives. I should most willingly say that it might be ascribed wholly to the first motive, viz. an anxiety felt by the commanding-officer to screen the culprit from some portion, at least, of the punishment attached to his offence; did I not recollect that the second may be to save the trouble of assembling a court-martial; and the third, to prevent publicity. But, whatever may be the motive, the practice itself is not only wholly unwarrantable, but subversive of the sole principle upon which the necessity for punishment can be maintained—that it operates as an example to others. The comparative privacy with which punishment is inflicted, when received by the men in preference to going before a court-martial, defeats this object; the revolting sight is witnessed only by the troop or company to which the culprit belongs, instead of by the whole regiment. If a commanding-officer resort to such a measure from motives of humanity, which I am convinced is often the case, I think he will find

me correct in stating that he is guilty of an unjustifiable assumption of authority. If his object be to save the trouble of assembling a court-martial, it must be evident that he sacrifices justice to convenience; and if, from a knowledge that these private castigations are not made matter of report, so as to be known to the higher authorities, he seek to screen from notice the amount of punishment actually inflicted in his regiment, the motive is a very unworthy one; and the effect of such secresy is highly injurious to the service.

Some commanding-officers strike into a most erroneous and fallacious principle of discipline, by endeavouring to break the spirits of volatile youth by coercive means, and the moment they get hold of juvenile offenders dragging them to the triangles for the most trifling offence. Some of these officers I have actually known to pardon an old and hardened offender, on the ground that they "could catch him every day;" while, at the very same moment, they would insist on a sentence being rigidly carried into execution against a juvenile and thoughtless delinquent, for his first offence, who, simply because he

seldom appeared before them, was punished on that very account.

While this is the character of some officers, others I have known whose practice was exactly the reverse. The Honourable Colonel Monson, late commandant of the 76th Regiment, was one who hated the very name of flogging.

Whenever crime and justice to the service enforced obedience to this mode of discipline, which was his abhorrence, he scarcely ever attended parade. He dared not trust his feelings to witness such a scene; but, when he did attend, I have seen the tear of pity stealing down his cheek, and he would always turn his back towards the suffering object. I have often heard the same brave colonel deprecate flogging in the bitterest terms; saying it was an evil of the greatest magnitude, against which he would always put his *veto*.

When at Jersey, in the year 1808, it was my painful duty to witness the infliction of corporal punishment almost every week. This was not in my own regiment, for the colonel of our corps, Lieutenant-Colonel John Covell, was one who never

resorted to flogging, except as a last resource,—and then with great reluctance, and with feelings of sorrow that he had no alternative. At the period of which I speak, we were at war with France, but in one of the battalions of the 60th Regiment, then at Jersey, we had many French soldiers. Many of these men deserted, and most of them were taken in the attempt. When we consider that they were natives of France, it is no great wonder that, when a war broke out, they should attempt to quit the English service, in preference to fighting against their own country; and, in my humble opinion, it would have been neither unwise nor impolitic to have discharged them all,—for men who would be base enough to fight against their own country, could scarcely be considered fit to be trusted by any other power. But, be this as it may, many of these men were taken, and sentenced to receive a thousand lashes each for their desertion. This punishment was rigidly inflicted, with the additional torture which must have resulted from the number of five being slowly counted between each lash; so that, upon a fair calculation, each delinquent re-

ceived one lash every twelve seconds, and, consequently, the space of three hours and twenty minutes was occupied in inflicting the total punishment: as though a thousand lashes were not of themselves a sufficiently awful sentence, without so cruel and unnecessary a prolongation of misery! Many of these poor creatures fainted several times from intensity of bodily suffering; but, having been restored to their senses by medicinal applications, the moment they could move their heads the castigation re-commenced in all its rigour! Numbers of them were taken down and carried from the square in a state of utter insensibility. The spectacle, altogether, instead of operating as an example to others, created disgust and abhorrence in the breast of every soldier present who was worthy of the name of man.

If those whose duty it is to form the code of military laws will allow soldiers to possess the common feelings and sensibilities of other men, it must be obvious, that degrading a man by flogging him like some vile miscreant must be attended with great and irreparable injury to the service. Since I

entered the army, the practice of flogging has considerably abated, thanks to the noble advocates for its total abolition; but even still the terrific cries for mercy are heard from the ranks of almost every regiment in the service, especially those which are abroad. If a man deserve such ignominy and debasement, he is unfit for a soldier, and ought to be discharged the service. Often have I been agonized to see the skin torn off the poor sufferer's wrists and legs, by lugging him up to the triangles as you would the vilest miscreant of the land, and afterwards an inexperienced drum-boy flogging him over the face and eyes. I have heard men beg for a drop of water to cool their parched mouths and burning tongues, which has been denied them. Who, permit me to ask, generous readers, are those flogged by our civil laws? The very dregs and scum of the earth, the very refuse of infamy. Do we not put our brave soldiers on a par with those poor wretches? The system of flogging them is precisely the same; the disgrace and ignominy are the same. Oh! how I have sighed to see brave fellows stripped to receive the merciless lash, who had often met their country's

foe in bloody battle! I have seen the gallant spirit whom no danger could deter, no peril could daunt, writhing under the lash of the vilest slave. The very words, "Strip, sir," carry with them sounds enough to annihilate all the better feelings of a soldier's nature. I am convinced, on the most mature reflection, that the moment you touch a man's back, you touch his loyalty. It tears from his brow sprigs of laurels which would otherwise blossom to maturity, and from his bosom all the bright beams of honour, faith, and love. The man feels himself dishonoured and degraded, and, reflecting on his debasement, obduracy takes the place of obedience; hatred that of love; apathy of willingness; and discontent deprives him for ever of that happiness which surely ought to be the lot of him who voluntarily leaves his home, and the dearest ties of nature, to cast his mite into the lap of his country's glory. The nobler feelings are usurped by those of a hardened and callous nature, and the mind feeds on its debasement and lingers on its dishonour. There will be found in such a man a sullen, restless, fretful, and irritable disposition, ever alive to

malice and revenge. He becomes a discontented, grumbling, and disobedient soldier, who feels that he has nothing further to lose or care for. Thus he lives; time is but a tell-tale of his woes: and, at last, in the cup of inebriety he seeks refuge from the storm, or, as he would term it, drowns his cares and his sorrows. Repetition of his crime ensues, and further punishment is the sure consequence. For the bite of the tarantula there is an antidote; the moon wanes, and becomes bright again; the rose fades under the influence of a meridian sun, but the refreshing breeze of eve bids it rear its drooping head; the billows rage and seem convulsed, but subside again to calm repose; but this poor degraded man's peace returns not to its chamber of rest. If he is not the veriest wretch in the army, the sun of his happiness will begin to set from the first moment of his degradation.

I will undertake to say that, if I had the opportunity, I could pick out the men who had been subjected to corporal punishment, from the ranks of every regiment in the service; for there are always to be traced the sottish features of intem-

perance, the languid eye of sorrow, the care-worn cheek of despair, and the gait which seems to stoop under accumulated woe. They are well known. They are like spotted and diseased sheep bearing some pestilential mark. Let any medical man attend the landing of troops from foreign climes, and I will be bound that, on examination of their persons, he will find fifteen out of every twenty with frightful backs, and whose ruin of constitution has been caused by an early flogging, for the mere infringement of some regimental order, in which the moral character bears not a part; perhaps for being absent from, or late at, parade or drill, or some other trivial offence of an equal tendency. By this ill-judged and cruel severity, the service is robbed of men who might prove to be some of its brightest ornaments, and this before the bloom of boyhood has left their cheeks. Give a man but five or ten lashes, it scarcely breaks the surface of the skin; but search the course of the wound, and you will find it buried in the inmost cavities of the heart, where it rankles, and sows the seeds of enmity between the sufferer and his

country. If we sink or debase a man even beneath the feelings of his own uncultivated and barren mind, what can we expect from him? It is hardly reasonable, in these times, to expect good for evil, though, in justice and right, that ought to be the soldier's creed; yet there should, at the same time, be a reciprocation of feeling between him and that country for which he has tendered his life and deserted his all.

I have often weighed the flogging system deliberately in my mind, and viewed it in all its bearings; but, looking on it in its most favourable aspect, I could never see but one good consequence that could ensue from it, and that as the result of desperation: viz. that those poor wretches who have been its victims will rush headlong into the cannon's mouth, or on the bayonet's point, to wipe away the sting of their disgrace. Thus numbers have met an early grave unpitied; as each soldier and comrade would say, "Poor fellow, it is a happy release from his woes; he has never done any good since he was punished." Flogging, I repeat, will never force men to obedience, but will assuredly

drive them to commit crime. The very mental exertion which a man makes with the determination of receiving this disgraceful punishment without a murmur, necessarily sows in his bosom the seeds of an obdurate and hardened heart. He meets his ignominy with a sullen apathetic contempt, endeavouring to smother the spark of revenge, which at that very time lurks and rankles in his heart. I have seen the most modest and previously well-conducted men, on receiving their first punishment, leave the square formed to witness their disgrace with indications of an obduracy and hardihood of which, an hour before, they were totally incapable.

If flogging is necessary, which I shall ever doubt, why cut a man's back to pieces, by giving him three or four hundred, and sometimes a thousand lashes? I have heard soldiers declare that, after receiving one hundred lashes, the flesh becomes deadened, and they feel not the smart of the remainder; although, after this, I have seen pieces cut out of the back as big as a pea. Some men keep in hospital for months in consequence of their merciless flagellations, and others will not leave it till they are inva-

lided, taking care to keep the back from healing by some applications which ultimately ruin their constitutions. At last they are sent home invalided, on the ground of a debilitated constitution, or some other complaint saddled upon the country, when flogging is in reality the sole cause of their inefficiency. Young men are, from their juvenile dispositions, often the victims of the lash; and, for almost all the crimes for which men, generally speaking, are first flogged, two or three hours' extra drills or duty would be an ample reparation to the offended laws. Their offences, in all probability, proceeded from an inadvertent or thoughtless disposition. Let the channel of military delinquency be traced to its source, and it will be found that the very spring of nine-tenths of it is flogging; let the crimes which are committed among the military be seriously investigated, and they will be found almost confined to those men who have fallen under the lash.

The career of a flogged man is, that, from one end of the year to the other, he is drunk, confined, tried, punished, sent to the hospital, and from the hospital to the perpetration of some other crime.

He becomes a burthen to himself, and a disgrace to his regiment, and at last, if he does not sink into an early grave, he is flogged out of the service, to be a further burthen on his country's bounty.

There is more expense attending the trial, and writing crimes, and making entries against such a man, than would fit out and keep a good soldier. There was one man in the troop with me, that did not do one day's duty in two years, but during the whole of that period went through a regular routine of flogging, drills, and solitary confinement. I allude to this man in the course of my memoir. Often has he told me, that he was sunk so low, and felt so debased in his own estimation, that no event could raise him to what he had been before he was flogged. He said, there was something that stuck to him like a pestilential disease; that all his efforts had been exerted to shake it off, but he found it still hanging on his mind, and twining round his heart. It was his misery by day, and haunted his wretched pillow by night. He declared to me, that after lying thinking on

it, at the still hour of night, when all his comrades were asleep, he would get up and drink quantities of spirituous liquors; and that reflecting on what he had been, and what he was then, almost drove him to take his own life. This poor creature soon after died, with some thousands of lashes upon his back, before he had completed his four-and-twentieth year.

Our soldiers, now-a-days, are a different class of men to what they were twenty or thirty years ago, and can be managed by less coercive means. As flogging in the army decreases, so will crime, in an equal proportion. I am persuaded that, to use a soldier's adage, "If we flog one devil out, we flog fifty in." In all professions, in whatsoever sphere we move, we all expect to rise above our first apprenticeship; but the moment you touch a soldier's back, it writes opposite his name, in the black book of crime, "A private you are, and a private you must remain." A man, after this, has no encouragement to amend, no inducement to do good, no incentive to fly from his disobedient ways; his channel of emulation is dammed up;

his good actions pass unheeded; while his crimes are readily noticed, and tenaciously and rigidly punished. A continual watch is kept upon such a man's conduct; the broad A of infamy is written upon his back; and it would be better that a man immediately died after being once touched by the crimsoned cat-o'-nine-tails.

The foregoing are my opinions on the practice of flogging soldiers. They are founded on my observation of its effects during a service of thirty-four years; from having patiently listened to, and estimated the validity of, the remarks of men who had been its victims; and from having watched the subsequent conduct of these men, and marked their progress onward, either to utter ruin or to death. The facts which I have detailed are undeniable, having been witnessed by me in passing through the several gradations of the service, from the waddling drum-boy to the strutting sub. In my humble opinion, the system of corporal punishment calls aloud for total abolition. Its infliction is cruel, and fraught with every kind of evil; it is unnecessary, because I am convinced that our brave

soldiers may be restrained by milder fetters than those of despotism; and it is grossly impolitic, because it never conduces to the end desired. It is a foul blot on our military regulations; a bloody page in our code of military laws; and a disgrace to a civilized nation. It strikes at the very basis of the army's welfare, and will, as long as continued, be the barrier which shall prevent many a young man of respectability from adding his name to the list of competitors for glory.

Let there be a bonfire, then, in every regiment to burn the triangles, and let the flogging system be hurled into the flames. Let each fire be to our gallant troops a beacon of mercy. Then shall we see the faces of the defenders of our country beam with delight and content, and the smile of joy shall carry them willingly and cheerfully through every duty and every danger.

CHAPTER VII.

HAVING now freely expressed my humble opinion in favour of the abolition of corporal punishment, it may naturally be said, "Well, admitting that we flog no more in the army, military crime, of course, cannot go unpunished or unchecked;—some substitute must be found for the mode of discipline hitherto practised." Now, although it must be quite obvious that a man may be able to point out the decided evil resulting from any given system, and yet not qualified to indicate the remedy which shall compensate for its supercession; yet I shall, with the same candour with which I have deprecated the practice of flogging, not hesitate to state what I should substitute in its room, confidently assured that no remedy which may be proposed can be attended with worse effects to the service than the system at present practised,

or with less advantage to the individual who incurs its infliction.

If I commanded a regiment, I should make it my primary study to ascertain what description of men I had to deal with; for I do not think it at any time consistent or reasonable to punish every man in the same manner. What would be a punishment to one, would be laughed at and ridiculed by another. If a man appeared in the guard report for any crime of moment, I should endeavour to ascertain from his officer the disposition of that man, and then, if possible, to adapt a punishment suitable to his disposition. An admonition, kindly tendered, would have the desired effect on some men, when harsh means would only serve to sink them deeper in crime. On the other hand, harsh measures would be the only means to check a man of a contrary disposition.

I should be very tenacious in punishing a man for a first offence, or permitting such a man to remain an hour in a common guard-room, or classing him with the hardened delinquents of the regiment. A young man kept confined in a guard-room

will learn more depravity in twenty-four hours, than in his barrack-room in ten years. I have seen sixty men confined in one small guard-room, all in a state of intoxication; some reeling and tumbling about, some singing, some dancing, some swearing, some fighting, some quite naked, and some in a state of utter insensibility. A place in which such examples are constantly to be found, cannot be deemed very likely to improve the morals of inexperienced youth. It must, therefore, be admitted to be advisable that all officers, before they order men into confinement, should ascertain who and what these men are, before they commit them to a seat of vice, where the drunkard glories in his shame, the hardened offender in his depravity, and where all the vicious characters assembled will unite their efforts to endeavour to instil into the mind of their new associate in disgrace, the germ of revenge against him who condemned him to such company. I am persuaded that much mischief is done by confining the moral with the immoral prisoner. It is incumbent on the commanding-

officer of every regiment to make himself as thoroughly acquainted as possible with the character, temper, and turn of mind, of every man of his troop or company. If an officer omit this, he neglects a most prominent feature of his duty; for, until he is acquainted with his men, he cannot duly administer justice.

I am of opinion, that solitary confinement will be found an admirable and beneficial substitute for flogging; for, when a man has suffered his confinement, his person being unstained and unspotted, he begins, as it were, a new career, endeavouring to regain that character which for a time he has lost, by some trifling breach of orders. Extra drills, parades, &c., are also efficacious remedies to compel soldiers to obedience, instead of flogging and degrading them in the eyes of their comrades. I am convinced, from incontestible proofs, that, by the system of flogging, even as at present practised, the service is yearly robbed of some of its best men, for mere offences in which there is no actual criminality. If men are resolved not to serve by fair means, it is not likely that they will ever be

driven to better conduct by foul. I have often thought, it would be an excellent plan for soldiers to be subject to a forfeiture of their pay, for each breach of military discipline. I can see no reason why it should not be considered fair to put the soldier on the same footing with a mechanic; that is to say, if he would not work, or do his appointed duty, or if he disabled himself from performing that duty by improper means, drunkenness or otherwise, for those periods during which the service was deprived of his exertions, he should forfeit his daily pay, and receive nothing but the rations usually given to prisoners. Indeed, the Articles of War express, in their very first section, that, for a first offence, a soldier shall forfeit twelve pence. If soldiers were forced to pay for crime, I am convinced that we should hear but little of it. The money so forfeited might go towards a bounty for purchasing substitutes to serve in the room of the offender, should he persist in disobedience; but, should he continue a certain number of years well-behaved, then it would be a judicious

measure that the money should be returned to him, with interest. This would be at once a check upon his bad actions, and an incentive to spur him on to regain that which through his misconduct he had lost. At the expiration of a certain time, when the forfeited sum had accumulated to the amount of a bounty sufficient to get a substitute to serve in his room, and no hopes of amendment could be discovered in the offender, he should be discharged, and a man placed in his stead, by the money so forfeited. This would be some saving to the nation, and an essential benefit to the service. The forfeited sums belonging to men who might happen to die before the expiration of their period of probation, might be appropriated to some benevolent purposes that would benefit the service, or, under certain circumstances, perhaps, paid over to the man's widow or family. These are a few of the substitutes which I have ventured to recommend in the room of flogging.

I cannot conclude the subject of punishments in the army, without laying before my readers a sum-

mary account of two cases, out of several which it fell to my lot to witness, of *Military Executions by Shooting.*

There can scarcely be a more appalling spectacle than the shooting of a fellow creature, who is our comrade, and our brother in arms; but the infliction of capital punishment is absolutely necessary for the safety, protection, and well-being of a well-disciplined army. The dreadful sight carries with it recollections that can never be obliterated from the memory of those who witness it; but, however we may lament such sad alternatives, we cannot but feel a conviction that, for the prevention of atrocious crime, and to keep up a rigorous and proper discipline, some examples must occasionally be made. In the course of my military career, I have been called upon to witness several of these heart-rending scenes; two of which were in the regiment of which I was myself then a sergeant, and, on the latter occasion, regimental sergeant-major. These two cases I shall lay before my readers.

The first subject of this awful sentence was a smart

youth, whom I myself first taught the rudiments of his profession. I shall not mention his name, lest my narrative should, by possibility, meet the eye of some dear relative who still lingers on earth, and droops under the recollection of the sad event. Through the whole course of his drills and military exercises, I ever found this young man attentive, obedient, and willing to learn, and he promised to be an ornament to his profession. He glided through the commencement of his career with the smile of joy and peace on his youthful countenance. These were halcyon days, which were not long to last; the poisonous cup of inebriety seduced him from the paths of duty, and he drank deep of its baneful contents.

This indulgence in intemperance led him from one error to another, on account of which he from time to time incurred serious admonitions; until, at length, for the commission of a more aggravated offence, he fell under the displeasure of his superior officer, and was deservedly punished. Irritated by the infliction of a supposed wrong, inflamed with liquor, and smarting under disgrace, the unhappy

youth, in a fatal moment, yielded to the instigations of revenge, and, in the phrenzy of intoxication, made an attempt on the life of the officer (a quarter-master in the same troop), by whom, as he supposed, he had been injured. This dreadful attempt was as wanton and unprovoked as it was unjustifiable. The chastisement which the young man had received was such as he would himself, in his sober moments, have admitted he had justly deserved.

The shot did not take effect as intended; but the crime was that of mutiny, and that crime alone punishable, by military law, by the heavy penalty of death. The culprit was immediately dragged to the guard-room, and there confined in irons. Imagine the feelings of this unhappy wretch, when he awoke from his intoxicated slumbers, and the first objects that met his eyes were the fetters by which he was secured! I was sergeant of the guard at the time, and had the melancholy task of informing the offender of the dreadful crime for which he was fettered and imprisoned. On being made acquainted with the enormity of his attempt,

his nature seemed to recoil; his youthful countenance turned a death-like paleness; he closed his eyes, clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "Good God, what have I done!"

He then called in the most pathetic manner upon his mother, till he sunk under the weight of his agonized feelings, and fell to the cold earth. It was a considerable time before we could rouse him from the stupor into which his miseries had, in one short moment, plunged him. He seemed as unconscious of every intention of committing the crime he was charged with, as the child still unborn; but yet he stood unequivocally arraigned for the crime of mutiny and attempt to murder. Can any calamity on this earth place a mortal in a more lamentable and heart-rending situation than the above? Reader, pause over this tale, and with me drop the tear of pity to the memory of this unfortunate youth.

The culprit was a short time afterwards summoned before a general court-martial, on trial for his life, without having a single iota to offer in his defence except the plea of drunkenness,

which would but have aggravated his offence, and made it, if possible, worse and blacker. He stood before the court-martial a sad monument of what an immoderate use of liquor may bring the most docile and humane creature to. This melancholy instance will, I trust, show the absolute necessity of guarding, more particularly in a hot climate like that of India, against a free use of spirituous liquors. If a passion for drink is once allowed to gain dominion, it is seldom, or never, eradicated. Cup will follow cup, and crime succeed to crime, till the envenomed draught brings its sad votary to some sudden and calamitous end. Could I but impress this fact upon the minds of young soldiers, and save even one from that degrading vice, I should think myself amply rewarded.

The criminal was, of course, found guilty. It was, however, supposed that his good character might, in some slight degree, mitigate the rigour of the sentence: but no; he was ordered for public execution—to be shot. This intelligence was soon rumoured through the ranks of his affectionate comrades, and threw a gloom and heaviness over

the whole regiment. The sad news was communicated to the unhappy man by the Rev. Mr. Parsons, chaplain of the station, proverbial for his piety and humanity. It appeared, from his confession to the reverend gentleman, that some injudicious friends had diverted the poor fellow's mind from the contemplation of his approaching fate, under the delusive hope of mercy, on account of his former good character. The blow, therefore, came upon him with redoubled force, and the workings of his agonized bosom were truly distressing; but he was under the care of one who could best compose and sooth him under the accumulated miseries which were now the usurpers of his youthful bosom. I have never seen so horrible a picture of woe as this wretched man exhibited when he was made acquainted with his approaching ignominious death; but, from the contemplation of the past and present, he was beseeched to view the future, still in the distance, and to seek refuge from the storm under the wings of Him who alone could now guide him to that peace of which he had by crime bereft himself on earth. For some time he was incon-

solable, calling frequently on his dear mother. It is when the sword of justice is upon us, that we think with distraction on the dear ties of consanguinity, which we cling to, though with agony, to the last. The blessings which this youth called down from Heaven upon his beloved parent, were truly touching. Not a dry eye was on the guard, and some wandered far from the scene, to give full vent to their feelings. The very soul of the condemned seemed to linger on the dear author of his being, and not until completely exhausted did he cease calling on her name, and invoking Heaven to hide this tale from her knowledge. He was put to bed in a small room at the end of the guard-room, and the benevolent divine sat by his side reading sweet and consoling words of God's great and unbounded mercies. These roused him from his lethargic state, and he felt somewhat composed; but the fate of his aged and widowed mother seemed still to hang about his heart. The kind and reverend gentleman scarcely ever left him, except at a late hour of the night, and then with a fond embrace, and a promise to return early.

It was on a Monday that the fatal sentence was announced to him, and his execution was ordered to take place on the Thursday following; but the reverend gentleman got a respite till the succeeding Thursday. Before the expiration of that time, the unfortunate man declared that he felt assured, from the sweet sensations he then experienced, that he should soon be in heaven; and his smile, when talking of that blessed refuge from the storms of life, was exceedingly sweet. His bitter sighs had long since left his bosom, save when the thought of his beloved mother rushed across his mind, and then he would sigh indeed. The night previous to his execution, he slept tolerably well, but he several times ejaculated, in a faint voice, "Oh, my adored mother! Oh, my dearest and aged mother; this sad news will kill you!"

On the fatal morning, the clergyman was early with his charge, and whispered into his ear sweet and balmy words from Holy Writ; but, with all his efforts, he in bitterness called upon his mother to forgive, and meet him where time could never sever them again. He washed and dressed himself, and

tied a piece of black crape round his arm. He took some pains in the adjustment of his clothes and hair, and then went to prayer, in which every one of the guard joined him, although in a separate room. I do not think I ever witnessed more real commiseration in my life, than was displayed on this occasion. When the first trumpet sounded for the execution parade, the notes seemed to linger on the morning breeze, and a death-like stillness to predominate over the atmosphere, which chilled the blood of all assembled. Not a voice was heard; all was hush and quiet, save the workings of the fond bosoms of his pitying comrades. These plainly bespoke the horror they felt in the contemplation of the approaching scene. The prisoner affectionately took his final leave of all the guard, warning them by his sad fate to beware of that accursed liquor which had sealed his doom. He seemed composed and calm, and said he then wished to meet the offended laws of his country, as the just reward of his crimes. The soldiers turned out with evident reluctance: each head rested upon a sorrowing bosom; but they at last reached

the place of the sad catastrophe. The regiments, both of which were European, then formed three sides of a square, of which the shooting party, with coffin, formed the other. Scarcely was this accomplished, when we heard the dismal sounds of the muffled drum, and the doleful notes of the band playing the Dead March in Saul. The procession thus moved on:—Provost-sergeant in front, on horseback, followed by two file of soldiers. Then the clergyman, in his sombre garments, with the prisoner, both in deep meditation, and earnest prayer. After them followed the shooting-party—one sergeant, one corporal, and twelve privates, the twelve next men for general duty in the whole regiment. From the spot where the guard-room was situated, to the place of execution, was a good quarter of a mile, and the reader may be assured that we did not drag the poor fellow to his last situation on earth. He took his own time, which was slow, but firm and steady. He entered on the right flank of the square, and passed along the front of the line to the left, the soldiers resting upon their arms reversed, that is, muzzle down,

and with their two hands upon the bottom of the but. The sobbing of many of the men could be distinctly heard, and some could not even look on him, as he manfully paced along the front of the weeping lines. Some of his comrades, who had been more intimately acquainted with the prisoner than the other soldiers, asked permission, under pretence of some indisposition, to leave the ranks, and thus avoid the appalling sight. The Native troops turned their backs on him as he passed, and many of them wept aloud. The poor fellow himself looked like one long since dead, but he evinced great fortitude and resignation. When he brought round his left shoulder on reaching the left of the line, what a sight was before him! His place of execution,—his coffin, or rough-wrought shell, and his executioners, in the persons of his affectionate comrades. These could not stagger his reliance on divine mercy, on which alone he now reposed. He knelt down by the side of his coffin, and prayed for a short time. He then embraced, and bade farewell to, his heavenly instructor, who wept most piteously, calling upon divine

mercy to receive the soul of a penitent sinner. The criminal's eyes were then bound, and his death-warrant read. During the reading of this fatal document, he exhibited great and unshaken firmness, clasping his hands, and holding them fixed against his heart. Scarcely had the last word of his death-warrant vibrated on his ear, when the signal was given. When the shooting-party came to the "present," every eye was turned from the dreadful scene; but, at the well-understood signal, six or more of the men fired, and he instantly fell, five of the shots having lodged in his heart. He struggled but little; but, when the vital spark was about to leave its earthly abode, he gathered his knees up to his chin, upon which some few involuntary shrieks were heard from the ranks of his comrades, when the provost-marshal shot him through the head, that he might suffer no longer. A whisper then went through the ranks, "He's dead, he's dead." The army broke into file, and every man passed him at slow time. This was a ceremony more afflicting than most people would imagine; and, to add to the melancholy exhibition, the clothes

of the poor fellow had taken fire. When we passed, he was nearly enveloped in smoke; but his last breath had long since fled, and he suffered not. The last words he uttered were, "Oh, God! protect my aged mother!" Thus ended the short and sad career of one who, but for a passion for drink, might have lived to be a bright ornament of his profession. He was in the evening committed to the grave. His mother was written to by the reverend divine, at the earnest request of the sufferer himself; but we were some time afterwards given to understand that the sad tale had reached her ear by some more abrupt channel, and that she all of a sudden disappeared from her home, and had never been heard of since.

The second case witnessed by me, of this melancholy nature, occurred in the year 1815. The object of this tale was about twenty-two years old, and I do not think that I ever saw a finer young man. I have often heard him say that he was the son of a great jeweller in London. Whether this was the case or not, he was well educated, and soon rose to the rank of corporal, in which capacity

he frequently attended my office, to copy general and regimental orders; and often have I admired his writing and the rapidity with which he would transcribe. He was what was termed a sergeant's fag, or, what will be better understood, a sergeant's clerk; that is, a writer for those sergeants who could not write themselves, of whom there were many in this regiment. In disposition, this young man was warm, and rather impetuous and violent, more particularly when in liquor, in which state he was sometimes found. Owing to this deplorable failing, he was reduced to the ranks again, as private; but this degradation served rather to increase than diminish his predilection for drink. Notwithstanding this, he still continued to write for the non-commissioned officers of his troop; one in particular, whose name I shall refrain from mentioning, as I should not wish to wound the feelings of any man. Some short time after his reduction, he quarrelled with the sergeant before alluded to, who had himself, but a short period before, been promoted from a gentleman's servant to corporal, and from corporal to sergeant, without any previous knowledge of the

duties of his station. This man commenced his career as non-commissioned officer by every species of tyranny; dragging men to confinement for the most trivial offences; interrupting and annoying them in their several in-door amusements; and hunting up their private characters and vices. This malevolence soon drew upon him the indignation of the soldiers, who, in return, did every thing they were justified in doing to thwart him; and, among other expedients by which they annoyed him, one and all refused to write for him. At last, his spleen and rancour fell upon the victim of this melancholy narrative, some time in the year 1815. Check-roll calls had been ordered, and, at dinner-hour, all the men were obliged to appear dressed. On one of these dinner parades, the subject of this tale was in a state of intoxication. The infuriated sergeant lost no time in ordering him to be sent to the guard-room. There was a time when this very sergeant would have screened him and his fault from the orderly-officer, but he now portrayed his crime in the blackest colours, setting forth that he was repeatedly in the same state. Irritated with this

accusation, and maddened with drink, the young soldier rushed out from his berth, which was in the verandah, and fired his pistol at the sergeant. The weapon was loaded with three buttons, but neither of them touched the sergeant, but slightly wounded two privates. The criminal was immediately secured and dragged to a place of confinement; and, soon after, he was tried and sentenced to be shot. I was with him when his commanding-officer, in the most feeling manner, broke the dreadful sentence to him. He seemed to meet it with the heart of a hero, and replied, "I am ready and prepared to meet the justice of my country; but my heart is agonized when I know that my death is caused by one who had promised me unalterable friendship. Another thing also hangs heavily on my heart. Death I fear not; but should that death reach the knowledge of an already offended father, I know the result. I am the child of affluence, and was tenderly nursed in the lap of plenty; but I have long since forfeited the regard of my parents by juvenile indiscretions. I had hoped to regain their loves, but it pleases an allwise Providence to call me hence. Could the

dire truth be hidden from my parents, I could meet death with a smile, for no man loves the laws of freedom more than I do; yet the cause sinks me to the ground." The colonel, in whose eye I could see the pitying tear, said, "If you will permit me, I will break the sad tidings to your relatives in the best manner I can devise. You know, they must sooner or later hear of it, and if the news should come upon them in an abrupt manner, the blow may be attended with the worst consequences. I will, if you will allow me, prepare them in the best manner I can to meet the sad news."

This mark of the colonel's kindness was gratefully acknowledged, and his proposal was readily assented to; and the colonel departed, telling the unhappy man that he might see any of his comrades during the day, attended by a non-commissioned officer of the guard. This unfortunate young man was a Catholic, and consequently laboured under the disadvantage that no friendly priest could be found to prepare him to meet his awful death; but he soon composed his mind, and commenced the holy work himself, aided, occasion-

ally, by an officer of the same church. He asked permission to see the sergeant whose life he had attempted, before he died, and he was permitted to see him in my presence for one hour. At first the sergeant refused to go, saying he could not bear to look on the man whose death he had been the innocent cause of, and he wept bitterly: "But," he continued, "if he wishes it, it would but add to his grief to refuse him." At last he consented to visit him; but on the way to the guard-house he trembled in a most terrific manner, and was as pale as death. I preceded him, for the purpose of apprising the prisoner that the sergeant had complied with his wishes and was in attendance. He calmly replied, "I should like to see him," and he arose from his kneeling position and assumed a more cheerful manner. The sergeant stood in the doorway of his cell, and was so affected as to weep aloud. The prisoner, observing this, said to him in a firm voice, "Sergeant, grieve not for me; I fear not death. I have sent for you, to ease both my mind and yours. Give me your hand." The sergeant did so, and the prisoner continued, in an

emphatic manner:—"This hand, sergeant, you some months ago tendered to me, in token of your unalterable friendship. Permit me to grasp it, some twelve hours before we part for ever, as a token of mine. I forgive you from the bottom of my soul. I ask a continuance of that proffered friendship while here below; that you will forgive me my foul attempt on your life, and address your kind prayers for me above." Here the feelings of both the men were wrought up to a great pitch of agony, which loud weeping only would relieve. The prisoner was the first to break through the long pause of grief, and he said, "Now I feel much lighter than before I saw you. I have but a short time to prepare for the awful event, which I trust I shall meet as becomes a soldier and a Christian." Thus saying, he held up his head as he was wont to do while on parade. He feelingly embraced the sergeant, and said, "God bless you." The sergeant went away much distressed, and the prisoner returned to his devotions, and begged to be permitted to remain undisturbed for a couple of hours, with his friend the Catholic officer.

In the evening our kind commanding-officer waited on the prisoner, to know if he had anything he wished to communicate to him. He urged the request relative to his writing to his parents, and he bade him farewell and shook hands with him. This benevolent man had done everything to get the sentence mitigated, but all his kind solicitations proved unavailing. So much resignation and firmness are seldom seen as were evinced by this unhappy man. He took leave of all his friends and comrades, and retired to rest; and, strange to say, slept nearly five hours undisturbed. In the morning he arose and dressed himself with care, and he seemed composed and wholly resigned to his fate. He presented his Catholic prayer-book to his kind friend the officer, and in a few minutes the trumpet sounded for parade. These sounds disturbed him not, but he continued in fervent prayer. His countenance had lost but little of its youthful bloom, and there was a smile upon his lips of the most ineffable sweetness. He said little, but continued looking up towards heaven, and exclaimed several times, at intervals, "Oh, God, I thank, I bless

you, that my wicked design did not take effect. This is my best consolation at this trying crisis." The provost-marshal now summoned him to the square that had been formed to witness his execution. He promptly obeyed, saying, "I am ready, sir," and walked out in a firm and soldierlike manner, wearing his foraging-cap on the right side of his head, as he did on ordinary occasions. The procession moved slowly on, the drums beating the Dead March, and the poor fellow keeping the step, which he more than once changed during his marching round the square. The feeling prevailing through all the ranks was that of intense interest and pity. As he passed along the ranks, he said several times in a low voice, "Oh, my dear comrades, it is that vile liquor which has brought me to this; fly it as you love your lives." When he turned towards the coffin, he staggered a little, but from what we could not tell, as he soon recovered his step, and again became firm, and marched erect. He was then placed behind his coffin, facing the square and the firing-party. His death-warrant was read to him, which he heard

unmoved. His eyes were then tied, and he knelt down and prayed. He had requested to give the signal for the firing himself, which he did by throwing up a white handkerchief some five feet high. Several shots were fired, but he fell not. There was an awful pause, when one of the firing-party rushed out and shot him through the heart, and he died without a struggle. Thus fell, in the bloom of life, another victim to liquor.

CHAPTER VIII.

After the long digression in which I have indulged on the subject of military punishments, it may, perhaps, be necessary to remind the reader, that when I last diverged from the straight road of my narrative, the combined army was on the point of marching from Asseerghur, after the cession of that fortress.

We now bent our way once more towards cantonments, accompanying Sir John Malcolm to his new station of Mhow, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated cities of Indore and Ougein. This was some miles out of our direct route, but no traveller ought to pass such places without viewing the splendour and magnificence of ancient architecture for which those two cities are celebrated. A careful survey of such places will well compensate the traveller for going out of his way;

feed his astonished mind with contemplation for years to come; and impress him with the conviction, that the system of architecture in Europe, in comparison with that of the East, is but in its infancy.

The approach towards Mhow is very difficult and fatiguing. One ghaut which we were necessarily obliged to ascend, was frightful even to look at. The road had been scooped out from the side of the hill, which from its base was almost perpendicular, and seemed to defy mortal ascent. When I arrived at the bottom, I saw elephants, camels, and horses, men, women, and children, that seemed hanging on the projecting bosom of the flinty rock, or suspended from the clouds. When the elephants had reached the summit, they looked like small ponies, and the men like little dark specks in the sky. About two hundred yards from the top, was a strong gate-way, and two large bastions, for the protection of this pass into Hoolkah's provinces. Upon the hill was a strong stone-built fort, belonging to that chieftain, which was well filled with guns and men. This hill, from

its base to its summit, is more than two miles. There are several wells during the ascent, for the accommodation of travellers, fed by springs hewn out of the solid rock. It is a good day's march to complete the ascent of this hill, and how cattle get up, with their enormous loads on their backs, is to the spectator wonderful to behold. Nothing of moment occurred on the journey, save some broken shins and knees; and for three days after this trip, I was so stiff, that I could scarcely move. We encamped on the top of this hill, and the view from its summit comprised an extent of at least fifty miles. The people below seemed of another world. In the lowlands, the atmosphere was intensely hot and sultry; but upon the hill it was pure, cool, and salubrious, so that we seemed quite in another country. When we again set out on our journey, we travelled about a hundred miles without again descending. The whole of this distance, the country was one general flat, and we did not find any descent till we got near Callenger, where the ghaut is nearly as high.

In two days more we reached the new station of

Mhow, the residence of Sir John Malcolm, with whom we spent two pleasant days. Sir John was as hospitable as he was brave, and his tables groaned under the luxuries of the season. He possesses a profundity of wit, so that wherever he is, the whole company are sure to be on the broad grin. I should recommend all people subject to liver complaints to pay Sir John a visit, if opportunity favours them, and I would wager ten to one that, in one month, he would laugh most of them out of their complaints. I was myself suffering under a violent attack when I was his guest, and the smallest motion, more particularly that caused by laughter, was attended with most excruciating pain; but our host could almost make a dead man laugh. The consequence was, that I laughed to some purpose, for I actually got rid of my complaint. Sir John generally made it a point of getting me, close to him. He said to me one morning, "Shipp, did I ever tell you the story of my being invited to breakfast off a dead colonel?" I answered, "No, Sir John; nor are my poor sides in a state to hear it."—"Oh, but

I must tell you: it's rather a serious story than otherwise." Finding there was no escape, I put both my hands to my sides (a necessary precaution to prevent them from bursting), and listened attentively. Sir John had a peculiar manner of relating anecdotes, which, for effect, I have never seen equalled, and a sort of squeaking voice, in which he generally spoke, especially when pleased, added greatly to the drollery of his stories. "I was invited to breakfast," said Sir John, "with a queer old colonel of the Bombay Artillery. This colonel was famous for giving good breakfasts, so I accepted his invitation, and went to his residence rather early, where I walked without ceremony into the breakfast-room. It is customary in India, when breakfast-things are laid, to throw a table-cloth over the whole, to keep the flies off. I thought it strange that I did not see a single servant; but I walked up and down the room, very contentedly, for nearly a quarter of an hour. At last I got quite hungry, so I thought I would help myself to a biscuit. For this purpose, I lifted the end of the cloth, and the first object that met my

eye, was—the colonel's head!" Just at this instant Sir John Malcolm struck me a violent blow on the shoulders, which so startled me, that I really thought the dead colonel was on my back. From that time, however, I lost all symptoms of the liver complaint.

After a short time our generous entertainer good-naturedly accompanied us to Indore, where the British resident, Mr. Wellesley, treated us in a most splendid and hospitable manner. He took us to visit the court of young Hoolkah, who, a short time before, had rebelled against the government, in consequence of which his troops had been dreadfully cut up at Maidpoore, so that we could not expect a very cordial greeting. We, however, all proceeded thither, mounted on elephants, and we were received at the outer gates, by the junior officers of Hoolkah's court, rather coolly. Here we dismounted, and in the inner court we were met by some officers of higher rank, by whom we were conducted to a long room, on which was spread a clean white cloth, with innumerable pillows and cushions for the purpose of

lounging on. Young Hoolkah rose on the entrance of the Resident, and we all in our turn had a hug at him. He was a dirty-looking boy, about thirteen years of age, shabbily dressed, and who, it was said, had never been known to laugh out. After the usual greeting, and sprinkling of scents, we could see his rancour working within him. It was Sir John who had given his troops such a drubbing, and he could not, even on this occasion, conceal the hatred that rankled in his heart towards the English. The recollection of the disastrous defeat of his troops rushed across his mind, no doubt, the moment he saw Sir John Malcolm, and it left evident traces on his features, that indicated the most malevolent feelings towards his visitors. It appeared to be with difficulty that he could behave with decent civility; but, from fear of offending the British Resident, he was compelled, with his courtiers and ministers, to affect a cordiality which he did not feel. Sir John Malcolm, however, soon disturbed their ceremonious gravity, which he converted into peals of laughter, so that the room resounded with shouts of merri-

ment, and the before frowning Rajah, who was reputed unable to laugh, actually threw himself on his back and laughed most lustily. It was a considerable time before we could re-establish order, after which, an interesting conversation took place, which was followed by the distribution of presents, in which the young Rajah was liberal, and we broke up much more friendly than we had met. We all returned to the Resident's house, to a most splendid dinner.

On the following morning we bade farewell to our hospitable friends, Sir John Malcolm and Mr. Wellesley, and bent our way towards Ougein by forced marches, to make up for the time we had spent at Mhow and Indore. The Bengal division did not return with us, but went the direct road to Saugar, where they arrived some days before us. In two days we reached Ougein, and encamped in a small toop of trees, about a mile from the city, which is situated on the banks of the river Scend, opposite to which are the beautiful and extensive gardens, once the favourite resort of Scindia, but which, of late years, he has

not visited. The once splendid palace of this ancient city has been actually permitted to tumble to pieces, and this seat of oriental magnificence may now be said to be the habitation of snakes, scorpions, and every kind of reptiles. The beautiful pleasure-grounds are still kept in some kind of order, as they are the haunts of mendicant priests, who willingly sojourn here, and by whom these gardens are considered as a holy place of worship. In the morning the rippling stream of the Scend is crowded with these Brahmin priests, sanctifying their hoary heads, as they suppose, with the pure waters of this fair and sparkling stream, and offering worship to their gods.

In the course of the afternoon we visited the old city, that had been buried by an earthquake. We could distinctly see tops of temples, trees, and houses, and there are still many wide and yawning excavations in the earth. At the extreme end of this old town, stands the palace, in a state of dilapidation and decay. Some few priests reside in what was once the zananah, the lower apartments of which run into the gliding stream of the Scend,

and are washed by this beautiful river passing through them. Here we bathed, to the great annoyance and mortification of the priests who resided there, who did not fail to tell us in plain terms, that we had contaminated and polluted the sacred stream.

We next visited the subterraneous passage which was reported to reach from Ougein to the city of Benares, some two thousand miles! We commenced our exploration of this place by candle-light, and every ten yards descended into rooms almost square, till the place became so damp and chilly, that we were induced to return; but, even from the short distance we had accomplished, we could easily discover that it led to the palace, which stood about a quarter of a mile from it, and had no doubt been a secret passage to the zananah, for some nefarious purpose. These subterraneous passages to the palaces of the great must have been designed for purposes dark as they are mysterious; and, could these dark and lonely cells but speak, I fear they would tell many a woful tale. Over the mouth, or entrance, of this subterraneous passage,

was a kind of old gateway, and on its still tottering towers were sculptured many tales of wonder, as false as they were strange. Wishing to see every thing worth beholding, we commenced our march, by descending three or four steps into a square room, that was perfectly green from the damp vapour rising from the ground. In one corner of this room, which was about six feet square, we discovered a wrinkled old man reposing on some ashes, his hair white and his beard of great length. He viewed us with the eye of a lynx, and, having bid us the usual greeting of the morning, he at the same time sat up, and, assuming a considerable degree of self-consequence, he demanded where we were going, from whence we came, and what were our intentions. I was appointed interpreter, and I replied that we wished to see this wonderful subterraneous passage. He replied,—"Yes, wonderful indeed! two thousand miles dug out of the bowels of the earth by manual labour, and which cost as much money as would purchase another world; but," continued he, "where are your provisions? Your oil—your khoran? If you wish to explore this

great wonder of man's power, you surely would not attempt it without first invoking Almighty aid? The journey is long, dangerous, and tedious."— "How far, then," said I, "does the excavation extend, that so many precautions are required?"— "To the famous city of Benares," replied he: "there may be found, though scarcely known to mortal man, the other entrance. This is as true as it appears wonderful to you who are unacquainted with these hidden mysteries. If you doubt my assertion, go on, and your own eyes will convince you of the truth of what I have told you." We proceeded through some three or four rooms, descending two or three steps down to each, till a chilly dampness told us to return. We did so, and, not wishing to offend old grey-beard by evincing any disbelief of what we had heard, we gave him a few rupees, which he seized with all the avidity of a miser. His cunning eye sparkled again when he found the rupees within his grasp, and he bowed to the ground in token of thanks. He told us many stories, as wonderful as they were false: amongst the rest, the following: That some of his holy sect (Brahmins)

had, a short period before, attempted to explore this passage; but, when they had proceeded about half way, some of them died. The others consulted whether it was more prudent to proceed to the accomplishment of their design, or at once return, while it was certain that their oil and provisions would last them. They agreed to return, and they reached the spot from which they had first started, after an absence of some months. The hoary-headed mendicant told this barefaced falsehood with all the solemnity of truth, and confirmed it by emphatically calling on his Maker to witness his assertion. We did not think it prudent to dispute his word till we were fairly out of his clutches; but, just as we were about to take our departure, I told him that what he had asserted was nothing but a delusion to exact money from the English traveller, and that we could plainly see, from the nature of the passage, that it was a secret inlet to the great palace, for some dark and murderous purpose. This he denied with all the effrontery of which these people are capable, and we parted on no very friendly terms. This same old fellow

accounted for the earthquake having visited the city of Ougein, in the following happy manner. He said that a white man had sojourned there some three or four years, subsisting on the gifts of the benevolent. "He spoke fluently all the Oriental tongues, was affable, and became generally esteemed. Having accumulated some money, he built a little temple, and, in two or three years, gained a considerable number of converts to his religion, and became so powerful in his arguments, and so persuasive in his discourses, that the Brahmin priests held a consultation. The result of this meeting was never published, for it was on that day —that long-to-be-remembered day, that the great visitation overtook this city, ingulfing myriads of its inhabitants. This was a mark of their gods' displeasure for permitting this ancient city to be defiled by the erection of a Christian temple. The temple was wholly swallowed up; but, sir, strange to say, some one short minute before this, the white man had gone to a small school in a distant village, and escaped the catastrophe. On the same eve, however, he disappeared, and naught has been

heard of him since that day—a day registered in blood in the annals of this ancient city."

We visited every place about Ougein worth seeing, and in the evening returned to our tents, where our hospitable general had, as usual, provided a sumptuous dinner, with every luxury of the season. On the following morning we stood towards Saugar, *viâ* Bopaul and Belsah, old Pindaree haunts; but nothing of moment occurred on the road, save that some of our servants lost their way in the night, and were never more heard of by us. There can be little doubt that they had fallen victims to banditti, for which this part of the country is notorious.

We soon arrived safe at Saugar, where we were met with open arms by our affectionate wives. At this station all was now merriment and joy. Such is the life of a soldier! He no sooner furls his victorious banner, and sheaths his blood-stained sabre in the scabbard of peace, than, amid the revels of the fascinating and the gay, or in the more calm, but far sweeter, enjoyment of domestic felicity, he loses all thought of "grim-visaged war."

I was blessed with a most affectionate partner, who shared in all my joys, and soothed me under all my sorrows. Her fond epistles to me, when in the field, were filled with expressions of pity for the poor deluded creatures with whom we were at war. She was the pillow of my best hopes; my bright star of happiness; my monitor in the hour of peril, and my sure refuge in distress. She had but one fault, —that she doted where she should but have loved.

But, quitting recollections which, from subsequent events, have been rendered painful to me, perhaps the insertion of the following account of the extraordinary evidence given by an Irish sergeant before a court-martial, may be tolerated, if only in consideration of its being the last of my Irish anecdotes:—

President. Well, sergeant, recollect you are upon your oath to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. State what you know touching the crime against the prisoner.

Sergeant. I will, your honour. The other morning, when I was fast asleep on my cot, with my eyes open, I heard the prisoner there himself say to

Patrick Gaffy, in a whisper—and sure I could tell his voice a mile off if I could hear him,—that he would never rest day or night till he had kilt and murdered Corporal Ragon, becase he was always down upon him, and would never let him alone besides.

President. You have a strange way, sergeant, in giving your evidence: you say that you heard the prisoner, when you were asleep, tell Patrick Gaffy, in a whisper, that he would kill Corporal Ragon. Mind what you are about, sir.

Sergeant. A whisper, your honour! Fait, but it was such a whisper as you might have heard, if you had been on the look-out, all over the barrack, with your eyes shut.

President. But you say that you were asleep?

Sergeant. So I was, your honour; but the noise waked me; and I shut my eyes so that I might be sure I heard him.

President. Can you hear in your sleep?

Sergeant. Fait, can I. About a month ago, I was as sound as a mackerel, when, sure enough, I heard a man calling me by name; and, when I

opened my eyes, I saw him standing by my bedside, and he said he had been calling me for a long time.

President. Perhaps you can see in your sleep, also?

Sergeant. By the powers, your honour, you may say that; for the other morning I catched myself at that selfsame thing.

President. How was that, sergeant?

Sergeant. Fait! the other morning, when I was fast asleep, I felt my eyes, and found them wide awake.

President. Probably you can *always* hear in your sleep?

Sergeant. Not when my eyes are shut, your honour; for then I am quite deaf.

President. Do you ever walk in your sleep?

Sergeant. Never, your honour, after I lay down; but I did once, when a boy.

President. Which you perfectly recollect, of course?

Sergeant. Yes, your honour: I shall never forget it, becase I have good cause to remember it.

President. What may that be, sergeant?

Sergeant. Why, your honour, I was about ten years old when I walked in my sleep, and I found myself wide awake in a horse-pond that stood near my father's house.

Member. Well, but you said at the commencement of your evidence, that you were asleep, and heard the prisoner now before the court make use of the threat towards Corporal Ragon.

Sergeant. Fait! did I, on my oath, and that's no lie, either.

Member. Clearly and distinctly heard the identical words?

Sergeant. Clear as mud, your honour.

Member. Yet you say the words were given in a whisper.

Sergeant. Yes, your honour, but it was so loud, there were several men besides me who heard it, that were asleep at the same time, and not so near as I was, because they slept at the other side of the barrack.

President. You must either be a confounded oaf, or you wish to impose upon the court. Take care you do not yourself become a prisoner and be tried

before this very court for perjury. I suppose you mean to say that the prisoner's talking awoke you?

Sergeant. Fait! that's the very thing.

President. Then you heard the expressions after you awoke?

Sergeant. Fait! I did.

President. They were spoken quite loud?

Sergeant. They were, your honour.

President. Your evidence is most extraordinary. Prisoner, have you any questions to put to this witness?

Prisoner. Yes, if you plase, your honour. Where was I standing when you heard me make use of the words you have been after mintioning to the court?

Sergeant. Behind the pillar in the barrack.

Prisoner. Did you see me at the time?

Sergeant. Fait! did I, plain enough.

President. What do you suppose was the distance of this pillar from you, sergeant?

Sergeant. About twelve feet, your honour.

President. You must have pretty good hearing, then, to hear a man whisper at that distance.

Sergeant. The divel better hearing in the world.

President. How far, now, do you think you could hear a gun-shot?

Sergeant. Ten miles off, if I was near enough.

President. You stupid fellow, if the sound reaches you, you must hear.

Sergeant. Yes, your honour, but I meant that if I was wide awake I could hear a gun ten miles off, if the report was loud enough. I heard the guns at Vittoria when my eyes were shut and I was twenty miles off.

President. If I could suppose for a moment that your extraordinary evidence proceeded from any other motive than utter ignorance; I would this moment try, break, and flog you; but, granting that your testimony proceeds entirely from that channel, you are no longer fit for a non-commissioned-officer, and I shall speak to the commanding-officer to reduce you.

The prisoner was released, and the proceedings terminated. It appeared afterwards that all the witness meant to say was, that he was awake, but had his eyes shut, when the prisoner made use of the words alluded to.

CHAPTER IX.

We did not remain at Saugar for above a month, after which the division of the army to which I was attached was ordered to be broken up, and I proceeded to rejoin my own corps at Cawnpore. This was in July, 1819, from which period to the beginning of the year 1821, my time was spent in domestic quiet, in the performance of the station-duties of my profession, and in social intercourse with my brother-officers. About this period I was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and, to add to the happiness which I then enjoyed, on the 22nd March, 1821, I became a father, by the birth of a little boy. Little did I then think that this blessing was the forerunner of much evil to me and mine; but just at this crisis I entered into an agreement with the late Lieutenant-Colonel, ther Major, Browne, to run in partnership with him at the ensuing Cawn-

pore races. My father-in-law being then in a bad state of health, and just about to leave India, I obtained leave of absence for six months, and accompanied him to Calcutta. Here I was to purchase certain horses, &c. for the races; but, as the circumstances connected with this unfortunate racing transaction led ultimately to a court-martial, by which I was dismissed the service, they will be best explained by an abstract of the proceedings.

The following account of the court-martial is abridged from an official detail of the proceedings, signed by the Judge Advocate General.

Proceedings of an European General Court-Martial, assembled at Ghazeepore, on Monday, 14th July, 1823, for the Trial of Lieutenant Shipp, of his Majesty's 87th Regiment, &c. &c.

PRESIDENT.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baldock, 1st Battalion 29th Native Infantry.

MEMBERS.

Major Harriott,	2nd Native Infantry.
Major Shubrick,	1st Regiment Light Cavalry.
Major Doveton,	19th Native Infantry.
Captain Goate,	His Majesty's 87th Regiment.
Captain Pattle,	1st Regiment Light Cavalry.
Captain Grant,	19th Native Infantry.
Captain Vyse,	29th ditto.

Captain Stacy,	16th Native Infantry.
Captain Rutledge,	19th ditto.
Captain Harsburgh,	19th ditto.
Lieutenant Waller,	His Majesty's 87th Regiment.
Lieutenant J. G. Baylee	Ditto.
Lieutenant Jones,	29th Native Infantry.
Lieutenant Stainforth,	1st Light Cavalry.
Lieutenant Burney,	19th Native Infantry.
Lieutenant Torckler,	Artillery.
Deputy Judge-Advocate,	Lieutenant J. J. Hamilton.

Lieutenant Shipp did not object to any of the gentlemen appointed to sit on his court-martial.

The charges against the prisoner were then read, which follow in full:

1st Charge. For unofficer-like and ungentleman-like conduct, in having, in a letter to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, commanding his Majesty's 87th Regiment, under date Ghazeepore, 14th January, 1823, and subsequently in a representation drawn up by him, Lieutenant Shipp, dated Ghazeepore, 18th March, 1823, and addressed to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, preferred various gross and unfounded charges against Major Browne, his Majesty's 87th Regiment, his superior officer, more particularly in the following instances, viz.: in stating in his letter to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, "I further conceive myself most shamefully and unjustly persecuted by Major Browne, he having, some time in 1821, in an unauthorized meeting of the

officers of the regiment, endeavoured to prove that I had literally swindled him out of the price of a horse, rupees 1200;" and in the paper addressed to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, as follows, "What has been Major Browne's motive for continued and unprovoked persecution since this unfortunate racing-transaction, I cannot imagine, for his behaviour before that period was that of the most marked kindness. From the beginning of this transaction to the present period, nothing but my utter ruin could have been contemplated."

2nd Charge. For insubordinate and unofficer-like conduct in arraigning the conduct of his commanding-officer, in a letter addressed to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, commanding 87th Regiment, under date Ghazeepore, 14th January, 1823, in having stated as follows: "So far from receiving this protection and favour, you, as my commanding-officer, have received the above-mentioned papers, and have allowed letters to my prejudice to be read to you by Major Browne, without being acquainted with any of the previous transactions of either cases, and formed your opinion of my conduct from these papers and letters, and did not give me an opportunity of confuting them by informing me what had taken place," such conduct, or any part thereof, being in breach of the Articles of War.

(Signed) M. SHAWE,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding 87th Regiment.

Ghazeepore, 6th July, 1823.

Lieutenant Shipp pleaded "Not Guilty," after which, Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, His Majesty's 87th Regiment, addressed the Court as prosecutor.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,

"It is with extreme reluctance that I now appear to prosecute the charges preferred against the prisoner, and, painful as it must be to every man of feeling to perform so invidious a duty, you will easily imagine how keenly I feel my present situation, when I assure you that during my service of twenty-three years in his Majesty's 87th Regiment, I have never, until now, appeared as a prosecutor against any individual; consequently, at this moment to sustain the charges preferred against a brother officer, is a duty, but little in unison with my feelings: but the death of our much-beloved and deeply-lamented commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, C. B., and the indisposition of Lieutenant-Colonel Shawe, C. B., have caused the unpleasant task to devolve on me; and though conscious, that, n other hands, a stronger case might be made out against the prisoner, it is a source of satisfaction to have it in my power, my conduct as an officer and a gentleman being unequivocally arraigned, personally to court investigation, and by a full and impartial scrutiny of every part of those transactions in which the prisoner considered himself aggrieved, to afford him an opportunity of vindicating his character, by proving assertions involving so deeply the respectability of mine."

Colonel Browne then entered into an elaborate detail of circumstances connected with a racing-transaction, in which he,

Colonel Browne, the prosecutor, and the prisoner, Lieutenant Shipp, had agreed to run in partnership.

"Lieutenant Shipp, who was about to proceed to the Presidency, engaged to purchase certain horses on joint account. Before quitting Cawnpore, he left one horse with Colonel Browne, and he afterwards sent up another from Buxar, which were the only two horses of his that ran, or were trained; whereas the colonel had seven, which cost him large sums of money. Colonel Browne wrote to Mr. Shipp to purchase three horses, which he named, and afterwards to get a good maiden Arab. Subsequently to this, however, the colonel, in consequence of a letter from Lieutenant Shipp, countermanded his orders, and desired that not any horses should be purchased, as he had bought a sufficient number himself. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Shipp did purchase an Arab; Colonel Browne also purchased an Arab, which died; and the colonel took in several partners, considering himself as *left in the lurch* by Lieutenant Shipp, and being quite *sickened* of racing. From all these circumstances arose considerable misunderstanding; Lieutenant Shipp thinking that Colonel Browne had engaged too deeply in the racing affair on his (Lieutenant Shipp's) account, and the colonel considering himself not handsomely treated by Lieutenant Shipp, respecting the Arab which the latter had purchased, and on account of his not paying up his share of the expenses. In consequence of this disagreement, Colonel Browne admitted a Mr. Bathurst as partner, in lieu of Lieutenant Shipp, writing to the latter that he considered him as being no longer in

the confederacy. In consequence of this, Lieutenant Shipp, conceiving himself completely exonerated from all charges during the time he had been a partner, made a claim upon Colonel Browne for the price of the Arab, as having been purchased by him for the confederacy, which claim is rejected by Col. Browne. This matter is first agreed to be settled by the arbitration of two officers; afterwards by the decision of the Jockey Club. Lieut. Shipp, however, withdrew the whole of his papers, saying, that he meant to put his claim into the hands of a lawyer: upon which Colonel Browne told his referee, Captain Husband, that 'he had too much respect for the *corps* and *himself*, to think of arranging any disagreement between two officers of the same corps in a court of law, and that he would rather pay five times the amount than that anything of the kind should occur.' Captain Husband proposed a Court of Inquiry in the regiment, to which Lieutenant Shipp assented, but this was refused by the commanding-officer, and Colonel Browne put an end to the affair by paying the money, though all his friends, who were acquainted with the circumstances, were of opinion that, if the matter had been referred to a court of law, the decision must have been in his favour. At the same time the colonel requested Captain Husband to mention what had actually happened to the officers of the regiment, from beginning to end, as he wished them to be satisfied that he had acted correctly throughout. Captain Husband did call a meeting of the officers, but not 'an unauthorized meeting,' as stated by Mr. Shipp, for it was permitted to assemble by Colonel Shawe, then commanding-

officer of the regiment. Mr. Shipp, hearing of this meeting, wrote an intemperate letter to Captain Husband, but which letter he afterwards requested might be considered as withdrawn. Colonel Browne went on to show that he was a loser on the racing-account to a considerable amount, and to prove the uprightness of his own behaviour, and that it never could have been his wish to take advantage of Lieutenant Shipp. The colonel next adverted to that part of Mr. Shipp's statement, wherein he wishes to lead the commander-in-chief to suppose, that it was *in consequence of his* (Colonel B.'s) *revival of the business*, by reading (during Lieutenant Shipp's absence from his corps) a letter, or paragraphs of a letter of his, found at Dinapore, and which had lain there two years, and stating to the officers of the corps that its contents *fully established his guilt*, that he had been considerably injured in the estimation of his brother officers. Colonel Browne admitted that he found the letter referred to at Dinapore, and that he did show it privately to one or two officers, old acquaintances of his: but he positively denied ever having said anything about Lieutenant Shipp, or having in any way, directly or indirectly, mentioned his name, or made the slightest remarks respecting him; and he attributes the slight which Lieutenant Shipp complains of receiving from his brother officers, to a cause not at all connected with the affair between himself and Lieutenant Shipp.

"Colonel Browne proceeded to state, that he heard nothing more of the business until January, 1823, when a statement of Mr. Shipp's was sent round to the officers of the regiment, and

also to himself for his perusal; in consequence of which he, the colonel, addressed Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, commanding 87th Regiment, to the effect that, as Mr. Shipp had publicly stated that the *principal* cause of the coolness of the officers of the regiment towards him arose out of a circumstance that took place between Colonel Browne and himself respecting a horse, he, the colonel, deemed it necessary to explain, that the affair alluded to was not *in any way* the cause of the conduct which the officers of the regiment chose to adopt towards him, in proof of which, the same intimacy subsisted between them and Mr. Shipp for several months after the above business occurred as had done before, and continued so until an affair with Mr. Shipp and a Mr. Chisholm, of Calcutta, took place. A short time after Colonel Browne had made this communication to Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, he was sent for by that officer, and apprised that Lieutenant Shipp was making a great stir about some letter he (Colonel Browne) had received of his, and which he refused to show him. Colonel Miller recommended that this letter should be sent by some officer to Lieutenant Shipp, that he might read it, and it was sent accordingly by Lieutenant Hassard and the adjutant, who both told Lieutenant Shipp, that the letter produced was not in any way the cause of the officers not speaking to him, nor had his former misunderstanding with Colonel Browne anything to do with it. Colonel Browne subsequently received a note from Lieutenant Shipp requesting an interview, to which he consented, having previously asked Lieutenant Hassard to be present at the meeting. Lieutenant Shipp, on his

arrival, said that, in consequence of feeling himself injured by Colonel Browne in reports *spread by him*, he had thought it necessary, in vindication of his own character, to make a statement of the business to the Commander-in-Chief, which statement he brought for perusal. Colonel Browne declined reading it, saying, that he (Lieutenant Shipp) had already been informed by Lieutenants Bowes and Hassard, that that affair had nothing to do with the officers not speaking to him, and that, if he had nothing more to say, he should wish him a good day. Lieutenant Shipp replied, that Lieutenant Hassard had told him so. 'Hereupon,' continued Colonel Browne, 'I wished him a good morning,' when he said, '*one of us must be a rogue*.' I did not wish to put him in arrest, as, from there having been a former misunderstanding between us, it might have been supposed, by people who did not know me, that I was anxious to take every advantage of him; nor could I, under the circumstances which caused his brother officers not to speak to him, take any other notice of his *polite remark** to me, than *making him a bow*, for I thought he could scarcely have meant *it* for himself. Mr. Shipp then left the house.

"Colonel Browne concluded by disclaiming 'any thirst of persecution or feeling of hostility.'" †

* The words which are italicised are scored under in the original.

† In the limited space which it is thought desirable to devote to this court-martial, the details of which in MS. occupy three hundred foolscap pages, it is not possible to do entire justice either to the prose-

Lieutenant-Colonel Browne having concluded his opening address, a host of witnesses were examined for the prosecution, after which, on the seventh day of the proceedings, Lieutenant Shipp's DEFENCE was read to the court:

"In 1820, I agreed to run in partnership with Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, in the ensuing Cawnpore races, in 1821, under the most faithful promises that he would *not risk much on my account.* With this conviction I left Cawnpore for the presidency, having previously made over to him my stud-horse to run. During my stay at Calcutta, I received frequent letters from Colonel Browne, to purchase cattle for him, and, latterly, to buy a good Arab only, which I did, from Mr. Lyons, of Calcutta, for twelve hundred rupees, payable in a month from the date of purchase, and proceeded, immediately after, with the horse as far as Ghazeepore, where I received a letter from Colonel Browne, expressing his surprise that I should have bought a horse at so large a sum, but concluding by saying, that he had been fortunate enough to sell him

cutor's opening address, or to the prisoner's defence. It has been the object of the gentleman whose task it has been so to abridge each as to lay a brief account before the public, to perform this duty with the strictest impartiality; and it may be necessary to explain that, as Lieutenant Shipp is now willing to admit that, in the complaints lodged in the hands of his late commanding-officer, and his hasty and harsh accusations of Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, he acted intemperately, and under mistaken notions, it has been thought advisable to confine the present abstract to that part of the proceedings which tended to impeach the accused's moral character.

for the same sum, to George Ravenscroft, Esq., then collector of Cawnpore, and directing me to send him to that gentleman, which I did, in the following manner. I gave the syce a note to Major (now Colonel) Browne, and at the same time addressed one to Mr. Ravenscroft; and my orders to the man were, that he should ascertain whether the major had left Cawnpore, and, if so, that he should then deliver the horse to Mr. Ravenscroft, with my note. So far only I consented to the sale of the horse. Had I considered it solely mine, I would not have sent it up, as the precariousness of Mr. Ravenscroft's affairs were well known long before that period. I therefore submit that there was no ground why the whole expense of this horse should fall on me, as it was purchased by Lieutenant-Colonel Browne's express desire, sold to Mr. Ravenscroft by himself, and by his own positive directions sent by me to that gentleman.

"On Colonel Browne's arrival at the presidency, he demanded from me the enormous sum of 2000 rupees, as my share of entrance-money for the ensuing races, although well aware that I was not master of half that sum, and that the procuring it must involve me considerably in debt. I remonstrated against this, and, finding that he had admitted others into partnership unauthorized by me, I became alarmed, and offered him a small sum of money to allow me to withdraw my name from the confederacy. Colonel Browne insisted that I should remain a partner, unless he could get some person to take my place. I gave him

an order on Mr. Measures for 2000 rupees. and he departed by dawk for Cawnpore.

" On the 16th January I was relieved from all anxiety respecting the races, by the receipt of a letter from Colonel Browne, in which he apprised me that he had taken Mr. Bathurst as a partner in my place, and that, consequently, I was ' now no longer a confederate;' and concluded by saying, ' let me know what you wish to have done with your stud-horse,' and ' I return you your bill on Measures.' Conceiving myself, from this letter, completely exonerated from the races, I wrote a letter of thanks to Colonel Browne, for having let me off, and concluded in the following words:—

" ' Oh, I forgot,—what have you done about the bay horse you sold Ravenscroft? If you cannot get the money, of course, on a representation to the persons authorized to dispose of his property (should such have been the case), they would most certainly refund the amount, or return the horse. That I leave entirely to your better management.'

" This was the letter found in the Buxar Post Office, and the above were the words shown by Colonel Browne, to ' one or two gentlemen, old acquaintances of his,' and which afterwards considerably injured me, as will be seen by Captain Fenton's evidence. At the time of writing this letter, the amount of the horse had been due some three months, and Mr. Lyons became importunate for the payment, and I do not think it was at all out

of the usual course of things, that I should suggest to Colonel Browne, as a friend, the most probable way to recover the amount, more particularly *as I was held the responsible person.*

"With respect to the propriety of my considering myself exonerated, on Mr. Bathurst's joining the confederacy, from all charges previously incurred, it is to be observed, that Mr. Bathurst was allowed, by the consent of Major Browne, to take my place four or five days only before the starting of the horses, but without paying one pice, or having a single risk upon his hands. That I should be obliged to run all risks, and pay all expenses to that very day, without the least chance of gain, and that the fact of Mr. Bathurst's bringing in a large stud should be considered an equivalent, instead of his paying my part of the expenses, which he ought to have done, as he became a confederate in my place, no person who had my interest in consideration could have allowed to be just.

"It was I who, in the first instance, suggested the idea of arbitration, as the most eligible way of settling the matter in dispute, and Lieutenant Kenelly and Captain Husband were mutually chosen as arbitrators. They did not decide upon it. It was then sent to the Jockey Club, and, after being detained by them for a period of nearly two months (I during the whole time being liable to be arrested for the amount of the horse), I was given to understand, from the letter I saw from the Club, that a considerable further delay was likely to take place, and that the statement laid before them must be strictly relative to racing.

The reason I then withdrew my papers, was from a conviction that it was not a racing-matter, but a bargain between two gentlemen, and that they would not ultimately decide upon it. I then consented to have it settled by a court of inquiry in the regiment, sanctioned by the commanding-officer, but it was not allowed by him. I that day received a letter, to say that Mr. Lyons was determined to proceed against me for the amount of his horse, and, finding there was no chance of its being otherwise settled, I said, *the law must have its course, if Mr. Lyons took any decisive steps against me.*

" From Colonel Browne's charge, it will be seen that he stated, in the strongest terms, that the affair between him and me was not, in any way, the cause of the cool behaviour of my brother officers; that he had desired others to tell me so; and that he attributed it to another affair,—a money-matter with Mr. Chisholm. Many of the officers confirmed Colonel Browne in this statement. The conversation which passed in an interview I had with Captain Fenton, on the 27th December, 1822, will prove, beyond a doubt, that my brother officers *were* unfavourably impressed against me on account of the racing-transaction between Colonel Browne and myself. I waited on Captain Fenton on the day before mentioned, and, on my entering his room, he addressed me as follows:—'I was just going to write to you when I received your note, to assure you how sensibly I felt for your situation.' I told him that I had brought him some papers to look at relative to Mr. Chisholm's business, which I trusted would satisfy him, and

the rest of my brother officers, that I had behaved correctly; when, to my astonishment, Captain Fenton thus addressed me: 'Shipp, I think it my duty, as a brother Mason, to inform you, that it is *not Mr. Chisholm's business solely* that has caused the displeasure of your brother officers, but a letter which Colonel Browne has read to them, relative to the dispute about a horse. You know, Shipp, I did not interfere in the former dispute, although Browne supposed I did, *and cut me for it twelve months.* I have seen the letter, or heard it read, and I must confess it has made a great impression on me in your disfavour, and on all those who have seen it. You must not, therefore, be astonished at my behaviour.' Captain Fenton then named those who, as he supposed, had seen it,—Colonel Miller, Lieutenant Hassard, and others,—and added, that of course those people would talk, and tell the other officers.* Hence, I said that the business had been revived by Colonel Browne, and had good reason to persist in believing, that the behaviour which my brother

* This statement of Lieutenant Shipp's of his visit to Captain Fenton, and the conversation which took place between them on that occasion, is confirmed, and even strengthened, by the evidence of the latter officer, in his examination, and in reply to the following question from the prisoner, "Did you, in the interview with me on the 27th of last December, or at any other time, tell me that Lieutenant-Colonel Browne had *cut* you in Calcutta, supposing that you were my adviser in the first misunderstanding?" Captain Fenton answered, "Yes, I did."

officers chose to adopt towards me was to be assigned to this cause.

"The prosecutor, and some of the witnesses, have obliquely hinted at a Mr. Chisholm's business, as being the cause of the coolness of my brother officers towards me. It was my *most ardent wish*, gentlemen, *that that affair should have formed a distinct charge against me* before this court, and it *was*, originally, sent with the two charges now exhibited against me; but it was, through the advice of the Judge-Advocate-General of Calcutta, to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, withdrawn; and, therefore, I am unwilling to make any remarks concerning it, save that I regret that such a charge did not appear against me, as I have ample proofs to rebut it."

Lieutenant Shipp having concluded his defence, Lieutenant-Colonel Browne addressed the court briefly in reply, saying that the evidence in support of the prosecution appeared to him to be very little affected by what Mr. Shipp had advanced in his vindication, and that the charges, which it had been his unpleasant task to prefer, had been fully substantiated. Every witness who had been before the court had most unequivocally, if questioned on the subject, denied his having directly or indirectly *persecuted* the prisoner, and the documents before the court fully substantiated the *second* charge.

The trial having concluded, on the thirteenth day the president

and members having assembled for judgment, the court came to the following decision :

"The court, having maturely weighed and considered the evidence for and against the prisoner, together with what he has urged in his defence, is of opinion, that he is guilty of both the charges preferred against him, which being in breach of the Articles of War, it does sentence him, Lieutenant John Shipp, his Majesty's 87th Regiment, to be discharged his Majesty's service."

Approved and confirmed

(Signed) EDWARD PAGET,

General, Commander-in-Chief.

Attached to the sentence was the following recommendation of the court:—

"The court having performed a painful but imperative duty, in finding the prisoner guilty, beg respectfully, though earnestly, to recommend him to the clemency of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. In presuming to express a wish that mercy may be extended to the present case, the court are impressed with a hope that the gallantry so frequently displayed by the prisoner, the numerous wounds he has received, and the high and apparently merited character which he has hitherto borne, will appear to his Excellency sufficient grounds for the court's thus warmly interesting themselves in the prisoner's fate, and urging with anxious solicitude the present recommendation.

"Before closing their proceedings, the court deem it a justice due

to Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, to express their opinion, that his conduct, as far as it has come before them, has been honourable to himself and indulgent towards the prisoner."

Remarks by the Commander-in-Chief.

"Lieutenant Shipp has thus, by his persevering resistance to the advice of his late most respected commanding-officer, of the General of his division, and of the Commander-in-Chief, brought upon himself the heavy penalty of the forfeiture of his commission. Although these are circumstances calculated greatly to aggravate the offences of this officer, still the Commander-in-Chief is willing to hope that, in yielding, as far as he feels it is consistent with his duty, to the earnest intercession of the court, he runs no risk of shaking the foundations of discipline and subordination. The sentence of the court is accordingly remitted; but as, under all the circumstances of the case, the Commander-in-Chief deems it quite impossible that Lieutenant Shipp should continue to do duty with the 87th Regiment, he grants him leave of absence from it, and shall recommend that he be removed to the half-pay list."

The foregoing orders to be entered in the General Order-Book, and read at the head of every regiment in his Majesty's service in India.

"By order of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) "THOMAS M'MAHON,

(A true copy,) "*Colonel, Adjutant-General.*"

J. Bowes, Lieutenant and Adjutant,
87th Regiment.

On the tenth day of the proceedings, Colonel Browne, being examined on oath, is questioned by the court:

Question. "How long have you known the prisoner, and what was your opinion of his character previous to the misunderstanding between you and him?

Answer. "I have known the prisoner since the year 1816. He was in the Light Company with me for a considerable time, and distinguished himself highly at Huttras. I always considered him, and indeed know him to be up to the present moment, one of the best officers in his Majesty's service."

CHAPTER X.

When an officer has been tried by an honourable military tribunal, composed of fifteen British officers, and the sentence of the court-martial has been sanctioned and approved by a most merciful and gracious Sovereign, it were as fruitless, as it would be highly improper and presumptuous, for the sentenced individual to urge anything further in his defence. I, therefore, as a sincere admirer of my country's laws, bow most humbly to my fate; I love my country as truly as I ever did, and would as willingly as ever risk my life to support its laws and freedom.

During the trial, which lasted thirteen days, I was exceedingly harassed, and my feelings were worked up to a state bordering on phrenzy. There was a host against me, and I had not a soul to advise me how to proceed. I stood alone and unaided,

with a limited education, to rebut the whole mass of evidence adduced against me.

The time necessarily occupied in sending the proceedings of the court-martial to my native country, and the long period which elapsed before its return, were spent in the bosom of domestic bliss, where I found refuge from the storm. The contemplation of my recent fall would at times sink me in gloomy despair, and it was my wife only who could divert my mind from useless forebodings, and whisper in my ear sweet hopes of better days to come. I removed some miles from the regiment, as I could not bear the commiserating remarks of the soldiers as they passed me, which only served to plunge me deeper in the vortex of despondency. From these motives I was induced to remove from that station where my profession had been my pride and boast, to where I should not meet the pitying countenances of those brave fellows with whom I had often shared in glory, and where I could, unmolested and undisturbed, think of the future, and compose my feelings. On leaving the regiment, and passing by the houses of the officers that hung on the rapid

Ganges, my feelings can be better imagined than described. Need I be ashamed to confess that I felt the tear trickling down my cheek, and a weight at my heart that the utmost ingenuity of man cannot accurately describe. I could not help comparing my then forlorn situation with the day I looked back on the little white village spire out-topping the high poplars that reared their heads over the briar-woven grave of my mother, save that I had now one near and dear to me, and ever ready to share the cup of sorrow. Many of the men whom I had befriended and had got promoted, followed my boat on the banks of the river, wishing me every prosperity, till prudence bade them return to their lines. The feelings I experienced on this occasion are such as the tyrant soldier never knows, and never ought to know. These friendly greetings of the men gratified to my pride, but only sunk my heart deeper in anguish.

Scarcely were my feelings so composed as to reconcile me in some degree to my fate, when an event, the most dreadful and agonizing, and which of all others I was the least prepared for, happened

to her on whom I had built my most felicitous hopes, when more halcyon days should visit our humble cot. I could have borne poverty with a smile of contentment; but this blow was vital, and at once dashed the flattering cup of hope from my lips. During my long and harassing trial, such was the anxiety of my wife, that a premature birth of a boy was the consequence. This had nearly deprived me of her who was my best friend and guide; but, by dint of great care and good nursing, she recovered, and was at this moment in all the health and beauty of twenty-two, and expected shortly to present me with another pledge of mutual love. A strange coincidence brought her good mother, brother, and sister, to the station, neither of whom we could have expected, and we all waited the happy issue of this event. I cannot relate our preliminary proceedings and great anxiety. Suffice it that, on the following morning, having given birth, after twelve hours' protracted labour, to a beautiful boy, she was a corpse, having that morning completed her two-and-twentieth year. All my former misfortunes now rushed upon my distracted mind with tenfold

force, and this last blow seemed to bereave me of all that on earth I could love; and my poor child, kissing the cold lips of his dead mother, and pathetically beseeching her to get up and speak to him, roused me to a full sense of my utter misery and woe. Neither his uncle nor his aunt could drag him from embracing the corpse of his dear mother; his cries were dreadful; and it was imagined, for some time after, that the dear boy's intellect had received a shock that was likely to prove lasting. He frequently wept bitterly, and would affectionately hug and kiss, a thousand times, any little thing that had been his mother's, preserving most carefully even little pieces of rag or paper that he knew had been her's. My poor mother-in-law scarcely ever spoke for the long period of six months, after this dreadful shock, but lay in a melancholy state of insensibility,—not knowing even her little grandson, who would linger over her sick bed for whole days together.

At this very crisis of my life the court-martial was communicated to me as having been confirmed in England, and I was directed to proceed to the

Presidency of Fort William, preparatory to being sent home, to be placed on the half-pay.

This final sentence was communicated to me through the regiment, some few days after my wife's death, who was, therefore, spared this last pang. When the letter was delivered to me, I was sitting on a couch with my two motherless babes, one four years old, the other but a few days. On tracing the contents of the letter, when my eager eye met the words, "Dismissed the service," I could not repress the tear of anguish, nor refrain from indulging in the most unavailing grief. To wind up a military career like mine in this manner, was distressing indeed!

From the age of nine to forty-one, I had now been in the army—a period of thirty-two years. My services during that time are already before the reader. In the course of those services, I had received six matchlock-ball wounds:

One through the forehead, just above my eyes, which has so impaired my sight, that I have been obliged to use glasses for some years past.

Two on the top of my head, from which have,

at different times, been extracted sixteeen pieces of bone. These two wounds, at every change of the weather, cause a most excruciating head-ache.

One in the fleshy part of the right arm.

One through the forefinger of my left hand. Of this finger I have entirely lost the use, and I am still obliged to nurse it with great care, several pieces of bone having been extracted from it, and some splinters, as I fear, being still remaining.

One in the fleshy part of my right leg.

I had also received a flesh wound in my left shoulder, with several other slighter wounds not worth particularizing.

The above wounds, except one, having been received prior to the munificent grant of his present Majesty to wounded officers, I never received a farthing remuneration, except ninety-six pounds for the last—a year's pay as ensign.

I confess, then, I had entertained a sanguine hope, that the extent and nature of my services, and the number of wounds I had received, would have more than outweighed the offence of which I had been convicted, and I felt the disappointment

most acutely, and could not avoid giving vent to my agonized feelings. I was aroused by the endearing behaviour of my child, whose arms had, on his observing my grief, encircled my neck. "What's the matter, father? you are always crying now, since mother is gone away," said he. This was touching a tenderer chord than the babe imagined, for he still supposed that his dear mother was gone for a time only, and his constant inquiries were when she would return. We were found in this state of woe, by Captain Thomas Marshall, of the Bengal army, my neighbour. This officer was my neighbour indeed: for his kindness, and that of his amiable wife, towards me, were unabated and unceasing. In the affectionate bosom of this lady, my orphan babe found a foster-mother, who shared with her infant, three days older than mine, the one half of its best comfort. Towards this dear and affectionate couple, my heart will ever cherish the fond remembrance of gratitude, and I hope this humble declaration may meet them in the far-distant clime in which they sojourn. When Captain Marshall saw the sentence, he turned from me, and

walked into another room—for what purpose, I leave the sympathizing reader to guess. He soon returned to me, and said, "Come, Shipp, you have often mounted the breach of danger—cheer up—and recollect you have those dear babes to clothe and feed." Here my little boy, supposing that this was meant as a kind of rebuke, said, "I don't want any thing to eat, Captain Marshall; therefore, don't cry." These are touches which the feeling heart can alone appreciate. To prevent, for the time, any further indulgence in sorrow, I was prevailed on to accompany my kind neighbour to his hospitable house, where I spent the day with him, and where a little musical party assembled in the evening, to rouse me from the state of despondency into which this last blow had plunged me. But all attempts to divert me from the recollection of my misfortunes were fruitless. Music and society but added to my pain; and I found that I was never, for a length of time, so composed as in those days and nights which I spent free from all company but that of my two motherless babes, with whom only I could, if I may so express myself, luxuriate in grief.

In one month after the confirmed sentence of the court-martial had been made known to me, I was compelled to obey the orders which I had received to repair to Calcutta, previous to embarkation for England. To enable me to comply with these directions, I was obliged to sacrifice all my property for a mere nothing, and I set out for the Presidency with my little boy, now my only comfort, having made the little infant over to my brother-in-law, J. P. Mellaird, Esq., indigo-planter, Tirhoot, where his grandmother, somewhat recovered, found refuge also.

The voyage down the lonely river Ganges was not calculated to soothe my sorrows, or to cheer my prospects. I reached Calcutta in safety, and remained there a considerable time waiting for a ship, where, strange to say, I received an order to proceed home with invalids, and to place myself immediately under the command of Captain Mathers, of his Majesty's 59th Regiment. This order I was bound to obey; but it prevented me from bringing home my little boy, as every part of the ship was taken up for the troops, and the captain of the vessel

would not accommodate me under a thousand rupees, a sum which I had not to give. A smaller foreign ship would have brought both myself and child home for what the Company allow for officers sent home,—fifteen hundred rupees. By this I was deprived of the satisfaction of bringing home my child, who remains in India with my brother-in-law to this day.

In the beginning of the month of April, 1825, I embarked on board the free-trader Euphrates, Captain Meady commanding, with an insufficient crew, as they did not exceed twenty-three hands in all, and winter was before us for the whole voyage. This would not have been a very pleasant prospect to the shattered nerves of an old Indian, but mine, although I had been so many years in that hot country, did not come under that description, and I had learnt long since to endure hardships. I was never much addicted to look on the dark side of things, but it was now impossible to refrain from thinking of the situation in which I stood. I was proceeding to a country, and that country my native home; but it was not endeared to me by a

solitary relative that I knew of. I could not help comparing the close of my military career with its commencement. I was then friendless and isolated; and who had I now but those who mourned my departure from a land which I was compelled to quit for ever? I left England, when a child, without one friend or relative to bid me adieu, and I was now returning to it without one to bid me welcome! Yet there is something pleasing to every British bosom, in the anticipation of returning to the land of one's birth; and, although my prospects were anything but bright; I felt, notwithstanding, that I could be content to live in my native country, even in poverty. But the necessity which compelled me to leave behind me my two sweet babes distressed me exceedingly, and my eye seemed rivetted on the arid sand along the banks of the river that had some few days before borne my boy from my sight. On the spot on which we parted I gazed with indescribable sensations, and I found that the more I gazed the dearer it grew in my estimation. There are few who have not experienced delight in revisiting, after many years' absence, the scenes of

their childhood. When I returned to my native land from India, in the year 1807, after an absence of twelve years, I was proceeding home to visit my family; but when I reached Colchester (the place, as the reader will probably recollect, where I commenced "soldiering"), all the gambols and tricks I had played there when a boy rushed upon my mind, and the place seemed endeared to me by a thousand recollections. Such was my wish to re-explore this place, that I forfeited my coach-hire for the rest of the journey, and stopped there that night. Early on the following morning I sauntered alone to the lanes that stood in the vicinity of the barracks, and, on coming to a certain lane that ran behind them, where we went every day to practise, I found my name still on a stile. This had been cut by me when I frequented the place as a little fifer, twelve years before. Such were my feelings on this simple occasion, that I could scarcely restrain a tear, and I sat on the stile for an hour, looking on my own name a hundred times over. It will not, therefore, be wondered at, if the eye of a fond father should fondly linger on the spot

where he took leave of, and last saw his motherless babe.

The scene before me in the vessel soon diverted me from the contemplation of all other subjects. I could have brooded over the fate of my dear little ones the whole night; but the din and tumult of more than two hundred soldiers, with their friends from shore, all rioting in the cup of inebriety, tumbling over each other, blaspheming, fighting, singing, fifing, and fiddling, and all huddled together in a confined space, with their beds, bedding, parrots, minors, and other birds, roused me to a lively sense of the scene before me.

On the following morning we bade farewell to Fort William, under whose proud battlements we had been lying. The wind was serene and fair, and the wave had scarcely a ripple on its silvery surface. Would that my bosom had been equally composed and tranquil; but my heart sickened within me when I felt the beautiful ship smoothly gliding down the rapid stream, and bearing me from that country and that service in which I had spent the prime of my life, and, I may say,

the happiest of my days. The rapid Ganges soon bore me from the sight of the English flag, and I dropped a tear to the recollection of the many happy days I had spent at Fort William.

I soon found that I had a queer set to deal with, without the means of checking any indiscretions that drunkenness might drive them to commit. The captain commanding the detachment was in a dying state, and indeed did die on his passage home; consequently, all the trouble, anxiety, and care, fell upon me. I can venture to assert that, with the exception of about twenty men, a more disorderly and mutinous set than the fellows I had now under my charge, never disgraced the garb of soldiers.

An Eastern voyage, either home or out, is dull and monotonous enough, even with an agreeable party. Passengers we had none, save one lady and her little girl, her sick husband (the captain of the detachment), then lingering on the brink of the grave, and a young officer of the Company's Bengal Artillery, who survived but a few days the tossing of the ship, and was committed to a watery grave,

ere the bloom of boyhood had left his cheek. We had one doctor on board, and a young officer of the Company's service, in charge of the Company's troops. Of the misery of the passage, the reader may have some idea, when he is informed that we had upwards of two hundred men on board, some without legs, others without arms, and twenty of whom had been removed from hospital only a week or ten days before we sailed. Every man had a box or trunk, bed and bedding, with parrots, minors, and cockatoos, and all these poor creatures, with four women and four children, were huddled on one small deck, every one that could move endeavouring to seize the more secure spot, and tumbling over and treading on those who were unable, either from sickness or drunkenness, to move or assist themselves. The smell and heat below were beyond description. Added to all this, the men were, during the whole voyage, in a state of continual drunkenness, having means of procuring liquor privately by some device which I never could discover. All my exertions were insufficient to check them in this practice, or indeed to keep

them in any kind of order, from want of the usual means of enforcing obedience, there being neither a place of confinement, nor handcuffs, nor any other means of securing the ringleaders, in the ship. Nothing but the greatest personal risk on my part, and that of the Company's officer, Lieutenant Rock, prevented open mutiny among the troops; and I consider it a mercy that we were not both thrown overboard, which was more than once threatened.

Some of the more refractory among the soldiers soon discovered that my means to enforce obedience were limited, in consequence of which three-fourths of them set my orders at defiance, refusing in the most peremptory manner to obey me, even to clearing away their own filth and dirt; and I was ultimately obliged, rather than provoke that spirit of rebellion which I could evidently see only wanted some pretext to show itself, to pay a set of men daily, as a working-party, to clear the deck, and keep off disease, so often occasioned on shipboard from a want of cleanliness. This I did by allowing those men two extra drams per day for their labour.

After a voyage of six months, spent in constant

riot and anxiety, and the misery of the whole increased by scurvy, which prevailed on board, and the number of deaths which occurred during the passage, we at length reached our native land in safety, having, in the course of the voyage, thrown overboard the captain of the detachment, a lieutenant, who was a passenger, thirty-eight soldiers, and one child, all of whom had died in that short space of time. Most of the men fell victims to their intemperance in drink.

We reached England in the month of October, landed at Gravesend, and, on the following day, marched to the depôt at Chatham, where the detachment was drawn up on parade, and I left them in charge of the staff-officer of Fort Pitt Barrack.

The parade on which I then stood finished my military career of upwards of thirty years,—five-and-twenty of which I had spent in the burning soil of India. I had but little cause to feel regret in resigning my command over the turbulent and drunken set whom I was now about to quit; but, situated as I was myself, I could not even leave

those poor creatures without a tear; and, when I reflected that I was no longer a soldier, I felt a weight at my heart that sunk me almost to the earth.

The public are now in possession of a faithful account of the vicissitudes which have marked the career of one who, in misfortune, can pride himself on having performed his duty to his country, loyally, faithfully, and, he trusts, bravely.

From my military readers I feel it impossible to part without a few valedictory words. Brothers in in arms, farewell! May the bright star from heaven shine on your efforts, and may you be crowned with glory! May the banner of Albion be hoisted in victory wherever it goes! As long as my mortal sight will guide me along the annals of war, I will exult and triumph in your successes, and drop a tear of pity for those that fall. Comrades, farewell!

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Certificate of Major-General Gregory, attesting that Lieutenant Shipp led the Three Forlorn Hopes against Bhurtpore.

I HEREBY certify that Lieutenant John Shipp served with me in the campaign of 1802, 3, 4, and 5, and that I was frequently an eye-witness to his heroic and gallant conduct, more particularly in leading the three forlorn hopes against Bhurtpore, in the year 1805.

(Signed) J. S. GREGORY,

Dinapore, 16th Nov. 1824. *Major-General.*

No. II.

Copy of a Letter from the Commanding-Officer of the 76th Regiment, addressed to Lieutenant Shipp, on his quitting that Regiment, in 1808.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot permit you to leave the regiment without expressing my regret on your retiring from a service wherein you have acquitted yourself with so much benefit to your country, and honour to your own reflection. Your heroic conduct upon several

trying occasions in India, but more particularly at Deig and Bhurtpore (the marks of which you bear), will long continue in the remembrance of your brother-officers.

Whatever may be your future pursuits in life, be assured you carry with you my best esteem, and I shall be proud and happy to hear of your welfare; and, should your restoration to health enable you again to assume the duties of a soldier, I am confident your zeal and spirit will add new laurels to the service of your country.

Wishing you every happiness, believe me to be, dear sir, most respectfully and truly your's,

(Signed) JOHN COVELL,

Major, commanding 76th Regiment.

Grouville, Jersey, 14th March, 1808.

No. III.

Official Certificate, that Lieutenant Shipp served with the 87th Regiment during the Second Campaign of the Goorkha War, when the Enemy's Position at Chirecah Ghattie was turned, and afterwards, when the Enemy was defeated on the Heights of Muckwanpore. Also, that Lieutenant Shipp served with the Left Division of the Grand Army during the Mahratta and Pindaree War, of 1817-18.

These are to certify, that Lieutenant John Shipp, of His Majesty's 87th Regiment of Foot, served with that corps during the second campaign of the Goorkha war, and was attached to the Light Company of his regiment, which formed part of the advanced-guard of the division under the command of Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, Bart., G. C. B., when the enemy's position, at the pass of

Chirecah Ghattie, was turned; and afterwards, when the enemy was defeated in a general attack on the heights of Muckwanpore.

Lieutenant Shipp's conduct on the last occasion was much extolled, having, in personal conflict with one of the enemy's Sirdahs, destroyed him, when charging the Light Company on its ascending the hill of Muckwanpore.

Lieutenant Shipp also served with his regiment at the Siege of Huttras; and, being one of the first to enter the gate of that fortress, in endeavouring to intercept the Rajah and the garrison, then in the act of abandoning the place, he received a wound in the hand.

Lieutenant Shipp afterwards served with the Light Division of the grand army, under the Marquis of Hastings, during the Mahratta and Pindaree war of 1817-18, and was present at the several sieges in which the Light Division was employed, as well as in the pursuit of the Pindarees.

(Signed) W. L. WALSON,
Major, Assistant-Adjutant-General with the Troops on the occasions above-cited.

Calcutta, 6th Nov. 1824.

No. IV.

Attestation from Major-General Watson, in favour of Lieutenant Shipp's general Conduct.

I hereby certify that I knew Mr. Shipp when in the army, in the year 1817, at which time he was on my staff, in the East Indies; that I had frequent opportunities of observing his character and conduct, and can, with truth, say, I never knew a more active or zealous officer. I always found him strictly honest, gentlemanlike, kind, and grateful, possessing docility of manners and nice feelings.

(Signed) JAMES WATSON,
Denton, Whitby, March 14, 1827. *Major-General.*

No. V.

Certificate from Major-General Newberry, of Lieutenant Shipp's Conduct during the Pindaree Campaign.

Certified: that I have known Lieutenant Shipp since the year 1 1 He was in the 24th Dragoons with me, and was baggage-master to the left division of the grand army during the Pindaree campaign. I always found him a most brave, active, and zealous officer. He was a volunteer on my staff when the left division fell in with an immense body of those marauders, on the 14th of March, 1818; on that occasion Lieutenant Shipp cut two of their men down.

(Signed) J. NEWBERRY,
Major-General.

No. VI.

Copy of a Letter from the Honourable the Directors of the East India Company, granting Lieutenant Shipp a Pension, in Consideration of his Services and Wounds.

East-India House, 27th January, 1826.

SIR,—Your letter of the 4th November, 1825, has been laid before the Court of Directors of the East-India Company, and I am commanded to acquaint you that, adverting to the circumstance of your not having derived the benefit of their resolution of the year 1809, to appoint you a cadet in the Company's service, and in consideration of the conspicuous gallantry which you have displayed on so many occasions, and of the wounds received by you in the course of your service in India, the Court have resolved that, as a mark of their favourable notice, you be granted a pension of fifty pounds per annum, commencing from Christmas last.

I am, &c.

(Signed) J. DART,
Secretary.

Lieutenant John Shipp,
British Coffee-House, Cockspur Street.

No. VII.

Extract of a Letter, written by Captain Gully, 87th Regiment, to Sir Antony Buller, Bart., Lord Chief Justice of Calcutta, recommending Lieutenant Shipp to his Lordship's favourable Notice.

MY DEAR SIR ANTONY,—From the very great regard I had for Lieutenant Shipp, formerly of the 87th Regiment, who was unfortunately dismissed the service a short time since, but, in consequence of his general good conduct as an officer and a gentleman, was recommended for the half-pay, which was granted him, I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in asking your assistance, should it be in your power, in getting him some situation which would contribute towards his maintenance.

He has left us much regretted by, I may say, all the officers of the corps. His conduct, previous to the unfortunate court-martial, was that of a brave soldier, a steady friend, and an upright honest man; and I am convinced, should it be in your power to procure him a situation, that he will fill it with the greatest exactness.

Believe me to remain, &c. &c.

(Signed) W. L. GULLY.

Berhampore, 16th Dec. 1824.

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